October 19, 1979 #120

RAM

Registered for posting as a publication - Category B *65 cents

THE LOWE-DOWN ON ROCKPILE

SANTANA THROUGH THE YEARS

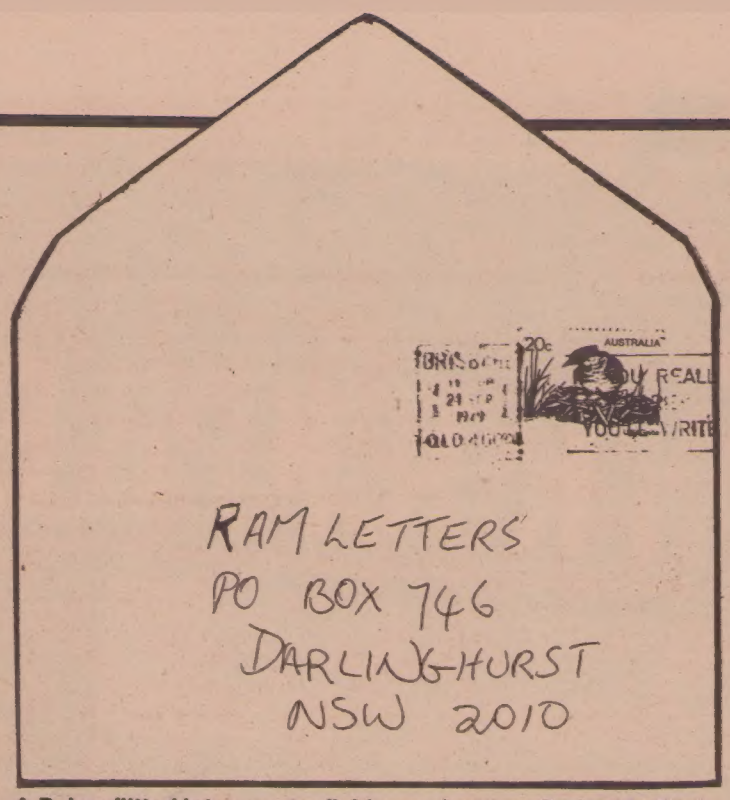
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF MEATLOAF

RADIATORS ON THE BOIL

THE MI-SEX EQUATION

IS THERE LIFE AFTER BEING BIG IN OZ ROCK?

Van Morrison, Bob Dylan, Paul Kelly, The Reels, Whittle Family, Tactics, Western Flyer, Motels



A.B. has flitted into country fields on a long awaited sabbatical, freelancers have locked themselves away in little home love nests and the office is deserted save for one lonesome figure. Is this spring, AOG wonders as holiday memories drift in to the distance to the whirr of the air conditioning. Under grey skies he flicks listlessly through the mountains of paperwork. An ever keen, often fumbling red head sneaks quietly into the office and heads towards the letters file, a frown upon her face. Ah ha, this first letter could save the day.

A SPRINGTIME ODE

Excuse me please, but -
'The best things in life are tree
But you an give them to the birds and the bess
I want O'Grady
(ooh oo-oo-ooh)
That's what I want
(ooh oo-oo-ooh)
Your mag gives me thrills
But your mag won't pay my bills
I want O'Grady (although he won't pay either)
That's what I want (he has no say in it)'
with apologies to the Flying Lizards
Desperado
Ward 6, Frensham Funny Farm
It's the weather. Keep on taking the tablets and the feeling will pass.

WELLINGTON OIL

I would like to make a formal apology on behalf of my countryman with regards to a letter published in your esteemed publication number 114 issues on July 27, 1979, which was written, in an untrue manner by a local person, in which our local boys Mi-Sex were degraded. Your correspondent says that they have been 'treated with derision over here' on their return tour. Let me say - New Zealanders are generally very proud of Mi-Sex. Their album is on our charts now, and is moving up quickly. Sure, they did 'Jump on the bandwagon' and change their 'hippy' image to a more contemporary one, but so what?
Clever Trevor, Wellington
Trev goes on to an intimately detailed description of Midnight Oil's gig in Wellington. Too long for the page Trev. Sorry you didn't feel the Oil magic was operating on the night.

STAR HOTEL

What a low, wet, suicidal and stupid move by Tooths Brewries, the local councils and "concerned squares" to close down what has been referred to as the most exciting place in Australia. THE STAR HOTEL the home fighting ground for local rock'n'roll bands (Heroes, Juke Box, Vambo Rools, Rick Pointon's Legendary Miami Beachband, Meccalisa, Thin White Line, and many more up and coming rock bands). The only place I have ever seen where the sheila's get up and dance their way in to frenzies on the bar. Without dress restriction and normal shit you have to take off the managements of other night life settlements. I consider the closing down of The Star as a personal insult from the local squares. I suppose you have already heard about the riot there on Wednesday 19/9/79. What other place in Australia or the world for that fact, would you get support by the customers to go that far to support the place they attend so regularly.

They used to employ up to 12 local bands and solo acts per week. In fact if I was you I would consider it an insult too because it goes against what I believe the music industry is supposed to stand for.

I think there is a lot of talent going to go down hill now (losing money due to the end of their venues at The Star).

I have a lot more I would like to say about the pub but think I have put forward the main points that upset me about the closing of such a great place.

Except for the fact that the publican offered to buy the site and pub off the brewery to keep the place going but the brewery would not sell
Yours sadly
The Snake
See Dirt this ish for The Star report.

CLIPS

Over the years I have regularly as clockwork tuned to Channel 5 (ABC) to have an hour each weekend of Countdown! Even though many people knock the show, I must say that I usually enjoy most of the bands (especially Australian bands) that appear on the show BUT, my main gripe is that the people at Countdown rarely use the bands' film clips but prefer to do their own! It costs Australian bands quite a bit of money to do a film clip, so if the clip is reasonable and the band has shown enough interest to make a clip, then surely the Countdown people could show some thought and consideration and play the clip! I remember a while back, our top band Skyhooks doing a BRILLIANT film clip for their *Meglomania* single! I know the film clip was great because I saw it on Sound Unlimited who at least had the courtesy to play it.
Countdown boasts it spends great time and care creating their own studio film clips and they do have an extremely talented crew working for them. Ultimately it is Countdown who has control over the way an artist is presented on the program. Considering their awareness of the importance of the visuals, we would think that they would allow the artist equal say or almost complete control over the way they are presented. And it's no use arguing that RAM controls what it says and does with stories on artists. Countdown is a 'display case' not a reportive medium. An artist for instance cannot control the presentation of an interview segment where the program is seeking to explore the artist's beliefs, feelings, etc. In such cases the artist puts himself on the line and at the disposal of the investigative medium. To clinch the distinction, RAM has invited artists to work on the presentation of display pages eg The Angels came to layout their 1978/79 Poll Winners page, Bryan Ferry came in to guest edit an early RAM - A.O'G & M.B.

DISCO ANGEL

Like most of your readers I despise the 'dreaded disco beat'. But I wanted to let you know about this chick Disc Jockey who works at the Tavern in the Oceanic Hotel, who *doesn't* play disco.

My mates and I go there about 3 nights a week, cause she plays heaps of really good rock (J.J. Cale, Zeps, Zappa, Walsh, etc) and keeps up to date with Punk-New Wave and Oz rock too. She jokingly calls herself the 'Rock Bitch' but we think she's more of a 'Rock Angel' who delivers good music with a lot of style.
A devoted 'Angel of Rock' fan
Peter W. Coogee
It's a healthy trend to see more and more DJs playing rock on their systems. Sylvania's DJ is another angel who keeps the place upvibing between band's brackets. The Hitmen's Johnny Cannis also did a fine job the other week at the Bondi Lifesaver playing DJ for the first time.

DURY

I just want to say that I read your Ian Dury interview (No. 118) and I was both surprised and moved. I had no idea the man was like that, so sensitive and thoughtful. It did me good to read it, as a musician, music lover, and as people.

Great work RAM and Paul Morley.
A. Person

DYLAN: INTEGRITY

I was most interested to read Rian Malan's articulate appraisal of Dylan's *Slow Train Coming* album. He has some valid things to say, but stumbles in error when he writes that 'where the tambourine man has led, now many of us cannot follow' for if I remember rightly Christ's invitation to new life is open to all. To say also that Dylan has now lost his capacity to intrigue is sheer nonsense. Committment and faith are facilitators of growth not dead end maxims. If Dylan's fans desert him now they will merely be succumbing to the tendency to label and categorise artists and thus to write them off. By putting his faith on the line Dylan is challenging his legions of fans to fully think out their own positions on, and attitudes towards life. In doing so he demonstrates far more honesty and integrity than those rock personalities who are merely content to adopt the fashionable images and beliefs of the moment.
B. Scott

OR FEAR?

I enjoyed Rian Malan's review of the new Dylan album. His comments on the music are sound, but his view of Christianity seems a bit shallow. It seems to me that Dylan has found something deeper than the formal socio-economic religion that he used to criticize.

Dylan says "You can serve the Devil, or you can serve the Lord, but you gotta serve somebody." Malan's self-confessed "infidel" status shows who he's serving, but Dylan has decided to be on the side that will win in the end. No, he's not showing Zen's superficial exuberance anymore, but perhaps he has found that deep peace that comes from knowing where life is headed.
David Fittell
Sad that you see it as a question of winning or losing, brimstone fires or eternal peace.

WHAT TO DO WITH A COLD CHISEL

A Sticky Suggestion.

Why can't Ian Moss do a commercial on honey as a form of spread with me as the willing nubile.
signed, I'm not 13, I'm over 16 (so you can't be arrested for carnal knowledge) and I'm all yours.
Suggestion of the year

A cordless mike for Jim Barnes.
Trip
Unfortunately, the lead singer was strangled to death by mike cord while attempting to save lead guitarist from an army of marauding ants. R.I.P.

'SCUSE THE FRENCH

Dear Doc, I found the words you said to me in French at your recent gig at the Stage Door Tavern entirely out of the blue (get it - out of the blue). I think that before saying that type of thing to a young lass like myself you should at least find out my name, address and phone number so you could sorta pay me a visit and then we could possibly discuss things. Amour ma cheri Doc
Au Revoir ma bon petite
Vanessa.
P.S. A great gig, but maybe it could go a little longer, eh.
Qu'est ce que c'est? A notre docteur perdu ses sens? L' Irlandais parle le francais? Pommes frittes sont pommes de terre, vraiment?

ZUNK!

I run hell bent into the newsagency and scoop the latest copy of my fave music mag off its shelf. I peel open the first page as I fight my way upstream against the gale force winds. Ohhhh god (should I say Skyhooks or Bongo?) a (ych) Led Zep mail bag how booooooring. I actually did my sheep imitation and bought that heap called "In Through The Out Door". How can a band change so much and become so fucked. I'm not saying Chris Salewicz review was 100% correct (more like 101% correct), cos I don't usually believe a lot of journos (Mr Guilliatt take a bow...). Anyone want to buy a 2nd hand copy of Zeps new plastic. Hopes you don't mind if its got the RAM free single glued on top of it. How about a 'Hooks mail bag?
Chook (no not Spencer)
Sin City
PS Is it true that B.J. Starkies solo effort will be that little ditty entitled "Willow"?

JO JO - UK

Just thought I'd let you know Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons are getting a lot of airplay here in London, "Radio One" which I guess would be an equivalent of 2SM, only covering a bigger area, is playing "So Young" quite frequently. It was released on the 14th Sept, and I hear it once, at least, sometimes twice a day!

I've been in London about 1 month, left Sydney in June and spent a month in Europe. In Paris I came across JPY singing 'Love Is In The Air' in a Record Bar. And I've seen a Skyhooks record here too. AC/DC are doing well, their album 'Highway To Hell' is No. 10 in some Album Charts after 3 weeks. And they get a lot of airplay too. Anyway that's all I wanted to say, except, how can I keep getting my RAM here? All I have is my last issue no. 113 to keep me company.
Tracey
P.S. Will I find another Lifesaver here?

OVERVIEW

Why is it that the Knack are totally sweat free on television? They go so far as to advertise this fact by throwing their arms up all over the place. Anyway why wasn't the lead singer given a part in "Psycho"?

Regarding "Kiss" (who have about as much appeal as onion flavoured lifesavers), it has always baffled me why Paul Stanley has such a hairy chest (he must put fertiliser on it.) With those poly urethane wings that he wears it makes me wonder if he really is in the throws of metamorphosis (turning into a hairy moth).

On the subject of "Earth Wind & Fire" I really did feel genuine sympathy on hearing about the repudiation of them from their native tribe in Nairobi. Frankly though I couldn't blame the tribe. After all who'd want to be seen dead with those who had such bad clothes sense. I mean there's tribal regalia and there's tribal regalia.

Furthermore I am even having my suspicions about silly Roger Voudouris. Wielding the microphone in the inescorable grip of his hand and vaguely threshing the air he reminds me very much of a priest annointing his congregation.
P.S. Please excuse my spelling but I live in a mud hovel on the banks of the River Torrens and therefore have had little chance of a formal education (apart from the usual public toilet wall scrawl)
P.S. again. I have nothing against the above artists but I am a vegetarian junkie (I shoot up bean sprouts). As such I have become prone to gangrenous senility and my brains now hold the consistency of silly putty.
Mama Magandi
Adelaide
Keep on taking the tablets.

ZEP ZAP

Congratulations to Jo Jo Zep for finally making it into the chartz! It's about bloody time too! How come *So Young* didn't make it like *Hit And Run* did? It is a better song. Good enough for Elvis Costello (God bless his heart) to sing!

Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons are an ace band and I hope they get all the success they *really* deserve.

Also ta for the great article on Ian Dury last ish (118).
Luv Lee
(Forest Hill)
How 'bout the Peter Solley production? The catchy reggae beat? The Phase of the stars? Catch up to Jo Jo's new maxi-single for a re-record of 'So Young'.

BOOBY PRIZE

I am 17 years of age with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and have ample breasts. In fact, in that respect I look like Dolly Parton from the waist to the neck. So dear John Thomas Lummp, give me your address and I will send you one boob. You can wear it in the middle of your forehead!
Zanna Dishwater
We suggest you send it certified mail, on the boob tube.

Ah yes, spring is here. Fantasies and even perception abound in the keen young lambs. Is that a glint of sunlight through the window, the strains of a new Blondie album. A new season? His green eyes wrinkle just a touch.

D/RT

THE STAR RIOT

2KO DJ **Bob Gallagher** predicted the closure of top Newcastle rock venue, *The Star* would cause a riot and he was right. In one of the most insensitive, badly handled and badly reported incidents in Oz rock's history, the venue went out with one very large bang. 2,000 people rioted in the streets, fourteen policemen were treated in hospital, two police vehicles were burnt and thirty people jailed.

The ninety year old venue, owned by the Tooth brewery, has served as the top venue for twenty years now, showcasing many local bands. It's closure was ordered by the brewery who felt that renovations would be too expensive and that the area was adequately serviced by other pubs, completely ignoring the fact that the Star was the first and foremost rock venue in the Newcastle area. Offers from the licensee, **Mr Don Graham** to buy the venue, and 10,000 signatures did nothing to change the order.

The explosive wake took place on 19 Sept. featuring local bands **The Heroes**, **Mecalise, Rabbit** and **Benny and The Jets** (the latter two reformed for the evening). Beer was served free at the event which attracted more than two thousand people.

The last band to go on were **The Heroes**. According to their lead singer, **Peter De Jong**, at two minutes past ten, three policemen jumped over the bar and ordered the band to stop. Friends of the band report they jumped onstage, grabbed the bass player's leg, and hit De Jong in the face several times with the mike. The band left the incensed audience and went backstage where the police tried unsuccessfully to break into the band room. The police then left the pub. The band returned to the stage and performed a well received but peaceable encore.

The clientele poured out of the pub only to find that police had barricaded the street with three police vans, and it was then that the building resentment erupted into a full stage riot.

Although the next day's Sydney papers described the crowd as a 'jeering bottle throwing crowd' throwing stones and burning police vans, according to De Jong the riot was caused by police action that caused crowd provocation.

They now want to dig up Elvis Presley to determine whether he gobbled huge amounts of drugs just prior to karking it. The exhumation order is part of an investigation into Presley's doctor who stands accused of malpractice.

Lene Lovich due for a new album in early November...

Something strange happening in the world of record sales at the moment. According to RAM chart scribe David Kent, there have so far been seven gold singles in Oz this year and several platinum. Compare this to a few years ago, when only two singles cracked the precious metal standard. 'Up There Cazaly' for instance has sold a certified 200,000 and both Racey singles have gone platinum in '79. In the meantime, the bottom has fallen out of the albums market with singles now outselling albums for the first time in close to a decade.

Cover for the new Joe Jackson album 'I'm The Man' reputed to have Joe standing tall amongst a crowd of diminutive Elvis Costello lookalikes.

Current disco hit in Italy is 'Wojtyla Disco Dance'. Wojtyla is actually Pope John Paul II's surname. Lyrics go: "He's the groove/he's the man/he's the new Pop in the Va-ti-can."

Jo Jo Zep's *Screaming Targets* has gone gold. The follow up single to *Hit And Run* is now announced as *The Shape I'm In*. It comes in a special jacket and is a maxi-single with other trax a re-cut *So Young* (under the production of **Pete Solley**) and a dub mix of *The Shape I'm In*. It's the first Australian dub mix to be released, claims Mushroom Records. Dub-mixing is a reggae technique of 'opening the board' and playing with the sounds, sometimes subtracting all instruments except say, the bass, sometimes overloading the mix with guitar or vocals or whatever feels right at the time.

The Angels are now without a recording contract after severing their ties with Alberts last week. The move was described by Angels manager John Woodruff as, "a mutually agreeable arrangement" that would allow The Angels to finalise a world-wide deal with a yet-undisclosed American major record company. Negotiations were handled by the Angels American lawyer Owen Sloan. Under the agreement, Alberts will retain Australian rights to the Angels first three albums. The last new Angels product on Alberts will be a 12" maxi-single which will retail for $2.99. The maxi-single will feature a colour cover and contain a colour Angels poster. A-side is *Out Of The Blue* from the *No Exit* album. B-side has live versions of *Mr Damage* and *Save Me* (both recorded at the Elizabethan Theatre) plus a re-record of *Am I Ever Going To See Your Face Again*. The new version of *Face* was originally laid down during the *Face To Face* album sessions and was originally mooted for UK release on the Virgin label. Economic realities in the record biz being what they are, an Alberts spokesperson explained, the $2.99 price tage for the maxi-single had been made possible only because Alberts had taken a cut in royalties. You can't get any friendlier than *that*.

(pic Kathleen O'Brien)

The official cremation of disco happened at **Castle Hill** on Sunday Sept 30 when **Split Enz, Mi-Sex, Midnight Oil, Jimmy And The Boys, Swanee** and **Loaded Dice** joined rock'n'roll forces. Price was $5.00 for the six bands or $4.00 if you bought a disco record to throw on the pile which was ceremoniously set alight by Peter Garrett.

The New York Cosmos soccer team playing two dates in Oz - in Melb on Oct 21 and Sydney on Oct 24. Soccer is the fastest growing sport in America and celebrity bandwagon jumpers include **Mick Jagger, Rick Wakeman** and **Paul Simon** all of whom are part owners of US soccer teams. The Cosmos theme 'song actually features **Mick** on backing vocals and **The Average White Band** on composition and instrumentation.

The **Eagles** album *The Long Run* rush-released a few weeks before due date because the group had started the Japan leg of a "world tour" that won't, by the way, bring them to Oz. Meanwhile, track listing for the new **Fleetwood Mac** album *Tusk* (due on October 15) is: Side one; *Over And Over, The Ledge, Think About Me, Save Me A Place, Sara.* Side two, *What Makes You Think You're The One, Storms, That's All For Everyone, Not That Funny, Sisters Of The Noon.* Side three; *Angel, That's Enough For Me, Brown Eyes, Never Make Me Cry, I Know I'm Not Wrong.* Side four; *Honey-Hi, Beautiful Child, Walk A Thin Line, Tusk, Never Forget.* Royalties from *Beautiful Child* by **Stevie Nicks** will be donated to the Year Of The Child Fund.

While in the US, **Little River Band** will host a Midnight Special and perform five numbers from First Under The Wire.

JOAN ARMATRADING NEW DATES

Following sudden emergency surgery in Sydney to remove a number of benign stomach tumours, Sydney dates for the Joan Armatrading tour have been changed accordingly. Punters with tickets for Sept 18 should now front up to the Regent Theatre on Oct 10. Sept 19 changes to Oct 11. Sept 20 is now Oct 16, Sept 24 is Oct 17, Sept 25 is Oct 18. Sept 26 changes to Oct 7. The Brisbane date of Sept 22 changes to Oct 14. Ticket holders unable to make the scheduled new dates can gain a refund or change tickets to another date, if seats are available.

Jeeze, it's time for Touring In 1980 rumours already. Slated for the new decade are **The Bee Gees** and **Blondie**. To finish off the decade **The Little River Band** are returning for an end of year swing around Oz. But meanwhile, dates for **Cheap Trick**'s Oz tour in late October have been announced (*see International Tour dates*).

TALKING HEADS
FEAR OF MUSIC

('This ain't no party
This ain't no disco
This ain't no foolin' around')
THIS IS STATE OF THE ART OF ROCK & ROLL

SRK 6076 CASSETTE M5K 6076
ON SIRE RECORDS AND TAPES
PRODUCED BY BRIAN ENO AND TALKING HEADS

* LIFE DURING WARTIME
Reproduced by Permission – Associated Music Pty. Limited

Distributed by WEA Records Pty. Limited
A Warner Communications Company

YOUR VERY BEST ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

more DIRT

CREEDENCE COMP

Despite the fact we sneakily didn't include an address for entries in last issue's Creedence Clearwater Comp, a lot of you smarties worked out where to send 'em anyway. To give the rest of you a chance, the address is PO Box 746, Darlinghurst NSW 2010. We're holding the comp open one more week. Write that address, lick that stamp, now.

New flick from producer **David Elfick** (*Newsfront*) and director **George Miller** (*Mad Max, The Man At The Edge Of The Freeway*), has started production. It's a horror thriller about the aftermath of an atomic waste accident.

Rodriguez's *Cold Fact* has turned platinum in Oz...

George Wayne, ever popular and quirky winner of the RAM Radio Announcer NSW poll last year, has gone back to **2JJ** after a brief re-introduction to commercial radio with Sydney station **2UW**. He'll do the afternoon programme on JJ. "Other stations call it drivetime" says JJ co-ordinator **Jim Middleton**. "2JJ calls it siesta."

Sonny Limbo, a US producer who's produced a long list of international top sellers including **Johnny Nash**, wants to hear from Oz groups who want to record in the US or, alternatively, want to have a US producer work with them out here. He's at **Sonny Limbo International, PO Box 9869, Atlanta Georgia, 30319, USA.**

Two new spots in Sydney, the **Stranded** nightclub in the Strand Arcade featuring **Warren Morgan**, and **Upstairs** above Mamma Maria's in Kings Cross featuring blues and booze from the likes of **Terry Hannigan**...

Cold Chisel recording third album at Sydney's Paradise Studios. Mark Opitz, co-producer of **The Angels**, will engineer.

George Thorogood fighting **MCA Records** in the States re ownership of old tapes recently released by MCA. **Thorogood** says recordings six years old are "obsolete and inferior to my present sound and records." What really rankled George was MCA called the LP *Better Than The Rest*.

RSO boss **Robert Stigwood** has announced four album soundtrack/film co-ventures for 1980. Titles are *Times Square, The Fan, Angel* and *Stayin' Alive*.

Ooooops...retraction please. According to last ish of RAM, **Jimmy And The Boys** were having trouble getting their album paid for and distributed by their record company **Image**. Not so, says manager **Michael Chugg**, the album's paid for and Image love it. The trouble is that Astor records who distribute Image don't go for the "obscene" content. But, says Chugg, the album will be distributed in Oz, details to be announced shortly.

The Ramones, it's now ascertained, will be playing mostly theatre, not club, dates in their November jaunt around oz. It starts on Nov 9 at the **Capitol Theatre** in **Sydney**...

While **Jerry Hall** is working on her first movie, *Urban Cowboy* with **John Travolta**, beau **Mick Jagger** is racing around Paris with a leggy daughter to the **Guinness Brewery** fortune. Yet another Guinness daughter is currently headlining with **Prince Charles**. You don't think they'd ask Mick to be best man, do you?

Boston got demonstrated against in London last week by hundreds of zealots waving placards and shouting *"Go home murderers"*. Ultimately, the demonstrators realised the Boston limo *didn't* contain Rhodesia's **Ian Smith** and left quiety.

Talking of riots, **Patti Smith** started her own in Italy last fortnight when the group unveiled an American flag while playing. Leftist rockers immediately stormed the stage.

Kevin Borich featured with **Ian Gillan Band** on a live to air BBC radio show in London...in answer to critics of his songwriting, Kev's also placed songs with **Ian Lloyd** in the US, plus **Renee Geyer** and **Jimmy and The Boys** here...

250,000 turned up in New York Central Park to hear **James Taylor** give a benefit concert.

Breaking up was real easy for guitarist **John McKay** and drummer **Kenny Morris** of **Siouxsie and The Banshees**. They simply left notes on their hotel pillows explaining they wouldn't be making the gig after all. **Siouxsie** and bassist **Steve Severin** took the stage alone, apologised to fans, then sang *The Lord's Prayer*. Siouxsie then held auditions to re-fill the band. The Banshees second album *Join Hands* is slated for Oz release in late October.

Maybe, as rumours first suggested, **Bob Dylan** *wasn't* converted in **Pat Boone**'s swimming pool. But if ya really want to clear the water, ask Pat himself, he's touring NSW right now. By the way, did ya know that 10 years ago, **Lou Adler** released an album featuring a 28-member choir called **Dylan's Gospel**. It praised the Lord on arrangements of *All Along The Watchtower, The Mighty Quinn, Lay Lady Lay* and others. Glad to see you finally caught up, Bob...

He gave her $1 million for a divorce present, now **Ringo**'s given ex-wife **Maureen** $500,000 to buy the London pad she *really* wanted.

The new **Doobie Bros** who take up puffing where **Jeff "Skunk" Baxter** and **John Hartman** left off are **John McFee** (gtr) **Chet McCracken** (dms) and **Cornelius Bumbus** (sax, kybds).

Cars' man **Ric Ocasek** run off the road in Boston. His car was rammed by two Pontiacs which pushed him through three sets of traffic lights. Ric was unhurt.

Rod Stewart now off the road for a few months to concentrate on being a proud father. All together now, *goooooooooo-gaaaaaaaaah*.

A decade after Woodstock I, the event was celebrated somewhere near Exit 68, somewhere near New York with jams from the likes of **John Sebastian, Country Joe** and **Canned Heat.** Rumours abound that **Steve Stills** showed up to jam with **Leslie West** (ex-**Mountain**) and **Michael Shrieve** (ex-**Santana**). And right now, trundling around Europe, **Woodstock In Europe 1979** featuring **Arlo Guthrie, Ritchie Havens, Joe Cocker** and **Country Joe**. It's only in Europe, cos British promoters didn't want to know...

Rose Tattoo back on the road and currently playing around Sydney.

Mental As Anything album *Get Wet* to contain trax; *I Wanna Be Your Spanish Gardener, L'Amour No More* and *Possible Theme For A Hit TV Drama Series*.

Replacement guitarist for Stars, Mick Elliot, goes through stage paces. Meanwhile, regular Stars guitarist/songwriter Andy Durant is still hospitalised. In the meantime, Elliot's group Western Flyer is off the road. In all, a game of musical chairs that's doing some good for most concerned. (pic Ian Greene)

Souxsie and the Banshees, before the split.

INTERNATIONAL TOURISTS

Santana, Eddie Money
The Russell Morris Band
October
7 Festival Hall, Brisbane
8 Hordern Pavilion, Sydney

Demis Roussos
October
27 Perth Entertainment Centre
30 Adelaide Festival Theatre
November
3 Melbourne Festival Hall
6 Sydney Hordern Pavilion
15 Brisbane Festival Hall

Ry Cooder
October
6 Adelaide Festival Theatre
8 Melbourne Palais Theatre
11 Brisbane Festival Hall
14 Newcastle Civic Theatre

Cheap Trick
October
25 Hordern Pavilion, Sydney
26 Bruce Stadium, Canberra
27 Festival Hall, Melbourne
29 Festival Theatre, Adelaide
November
1 Civic Theatre, Newcastle
2 Festival Theatre, Brisbane

The Bishops
October
5 Capitol Theatre
6 Capitol Theatre
7 Manly Vale Hotel
8 Mt Pleasant Sports
9 Family Hotel Rydalmere
11 Sylvania Hotel
13 Fairfield Hotel
15 Sundowner Hotel
17 War'n'Peace
18 Village Green Hotel
19 Sandringham Commodore
20 Bombay Rock

Jesse Winchester with Ward & Johnson
October
4 Dallas Brooks Hall
12 Sydney Town Hall

Rockpile
Mental As Anything
October
5 Adelaide Festival Theatre
6 Melbourne Palais Theatre
8 Sydney Regent Theatre
9 Canberra ANU
13 Brisbane Cloudlands

RANDY VANWARMER

Warmer

If you think Randy Vanwarmer's single "Just When I Needed You Most" (K7526) is hot, wait until you hear the album.

RANDY VANWARMER
"WARMER"
36982

ON RECORDS & TAPES

---

james gillard · matt taylor
bruce devenish · mick elliot
brian peacock
john poole-johnson

(captured live)

western FLYER

LIVE TO SURVIVE
37055

infinity **their latest album**

Bestall Reynolds Management Pty. Ltd.
Have pleasure in announcing the N.S.W. Country Tour for

Air Supply

OCTOBER

1—**WINDSOR** Civic Centre
2—**BATHURST** Civic Centre
3—**ORANGE** Amaco Centre
4—**FORBES** Golf Club
5—**DUBBO WEST** Bowling Club
6—**WELLINGTON** Soldiers Club
7—**COOTAMUNDRA** Civic Centre
8—**OFF**
9—**WAGGA** Rules Club
10—**ALBURY** Soldiers Club
11—**HAY** Services Club
12—**WENTWORTH** Services Club
13—**OFF**
14—**WENTWORTH** Services Club
15—**SWAN HILL** Oasis Hotel
16—**GRIFFITH** Yoogali Club
17—**QUEANBEYAN** Leagues Club
18—**CONDOBOLIN** RSL Club
19—**TAMWORTH** Services Club
20—**NARRABRI** Golf Club
21—**PEAK HILL** Services Club
22—**OFF**
23—**BROKEN HILL** RSL Club
24—**BROKEN HILL** RSL Club
25—**WILCANNIA** Golf Club
26—**COBAR** Services Club
27—**BOURKE** Oxley Club
28—**WARREN** Services Club
29—**GUNNEDAH** Civic Centre
30—**MOREE** Civic Centre
31—**INVERELL** RSM Club

NOVEMBER

1—**PT. MACQUARIE** RSL Club
2—**QUIRINDI** RSL Club
3—**MUSWELLBROOK** RSL Club
4—**SINGLETON** RSM Club
5—**FORSTER** Services Club
6—**OFF**
7—**KEMPSEY** MACLEAY RSL CLUB
8—**SAWTELL** Golf Club
9—**CASINO** RSM Club
10—**TENTERFIELD** Golf Club
11—**MULLUMBIMBY** Ex-Services Club
12—**TAREE** RSL Club
13—**TUGGERAH LAKES** Bowling Club
14—**OFF**
15—**BEGA** RSL Club
16—**BATEMAN'S BAY** Country Club
17—**NAROOMA** Golf Club
18—**WOLLONGONG**

"LIFE SUPPORT" Available on the BIG TIME label through Wizard & RCA Records

Dave Mason of The Reels urges crowd to visit Dubbo (pic Mark Green)

Reely and Trooly now

Down the highway....fast.

The drummer of The Reels, John Bliss, is leaning into the bucket seat of his Toyota, getting off on speed and red lights as the car eats up the road.

Three long limbed bodies are folded into the tiny space of the back seat. They belong to guitarist Craig Hooper, bass player Paul Abrams and keyboard player/saxophonist Colin Newham. David Mason, The Reels lead singer, has probably arrived at the Bankstown gig by now, and the others are racing to catch up.

The speed is an additive to the nervous atmosphere in the vehicle, as is the smoke trapped in by wound-up windows.

On stage and off, the Reels surround themselves with an air of contradiction - paranoid, intelligent, entertaining and aloof, and the catalyst of it all is Newham. Although David Mason writes most of The Reels' material, it is Newham whose playing and arrangements shape The Reels' sound, and it is Newham who is the most outwardly perverse.

Paul Abrams' sneakers are spilling into the front seat as he huddles under the car's interior light studying the road map. Paul, the most recent and only non-Dubbo member of the band, was brought up in Bankstown, and is playing navigator. "Turn here, ignore that sign."

A quarter hour later, the car comes to a screeching halt in front of a road blockade. Their venue, The Late Edition, is somewhere in the midst of a new shopping mall surrounded by a maze of one way streets and blocked off walkways. The only thing to do is leave the car, and explore on foot.

Tuesday nights are always quiet at The Late Edition, but tonight's quieter than usual. The local competition, a pub at the other end of the mall, is holding a battle of the bands. Raw rock and roll spills through the empty mall.

The Reels respond not by cutting their throats, but by being abnormally, garishly gay, jumping up and down on the spot and cracking jokes with one another.

With only twelve customers here (half of them members of *La Femme*, the other band on the bill tonight) The Reels don't bother donning their stage costumes.

"If you're going to write about tonight," says Newham sidling up and engaging in conversation for the first and last time, "I hope you take into account that we are only wearing day-to-day clothes."

Day-to-day clothes are polo neck jumpers, boiler suits and gym boots, the colours predominantly black and grey.

The Reels play music that is simultaneously ominous and pop. Many people see this music as encapsulating the feeling of modern city life, ominous with threatening violence, pop with 'who cares, here today gone tomorrow' neon escapism.

The Reels see the big city with the clear vision of not being brought up in the environment. They come from Dubbo.

Dubbo is a cuckoo of a city set in the middle of the western NSW countryside. The focus of a satellite redevelopment plan, its population has swollen to 22,000 over the last twenty years. All that remains of its rural genesis is a tiny four per cent farming population and a wide-spread conservatism.

The nucleus of The Reels formed in Dubbo as The Brucelanders - don't ask what type of music they played, no one seems to know, and the only description the band offer is "different to what we play now."

Whatever it was, the locals didn't like it and the band were shunned by the populace - their music and their attitudes were all wrong, they even spent *good* money buying a PA system.

They were forced to search further afield for work, and eventually to move to Sydney.

The band publicly cherish this humble beginning. According to Hooper, city boys have it easy.

"We served our musical apprenticeship in local bands - playing at barn dances and similar events, which meant we all learnt how to read music and to play different styles. We had to be versatile."

Their versatility was proven in the band's first few years in Sydney. In that time, they underwent several major overhauls, changing their name, line up and style. At the beginning of this year, The Reels consolidated their style from a hotch-potch of styles ranging from waltzes to pop, into today's 'danceable' music.

"We wanted to play music, but we wanted to do it differently, so we decided to concentrate on the rhythmic rather than harmonic structures."

The majority of their material is original, keyboard orientated, with quiet but inventive guitar lines. It's built from basic hard hitting drums and bass, overlaid with jerky chopping rhythms, moving from fluid staccato in a breath. The vocals are cut down into syllables - they prod and jab sentences into gibberish.

"I don't care, I've got my telephone, my television."

They play a song called *Baby's In The Know* about Jane Fonda, and another about women called *Misused*. The few covers they do are well chosen, a Reels-style rendition of Johnny Young's hit single *Caralyn*. Also a touch of sax here and there, and the music adds up to neon go-go.

Soon ten of the twelve clientele are on the dance floor.

David Mason, a bony, intense man who seldom smiles, moves his leg up and down piston fashion, while his arms swing loosely to the music and his fingers click to the beat. He introduces his songs with a few succinct, smart lines, which generally go over the audience's heads. That's the danger of The Reels. Their intelligent words and quirky hot/cold music works in subtler ways than the rock and roll that's throbbing out of the venue at the other end of the mall tonight. The Reels' music threatens, but never punches.

"This is a song about a place called Dubbo, where we come from. It taught us that we had to piss off to survive."

At the end of the song, the band rapidly move offstage, and are out of the pub in ten minutes.

Miranda Brown

(pic Gary Fletcher)

Paul Kelly beats the cult curse.

Paul Kelly can't quite believe what's happening. The Dots have just crashed out the last chord of *Only The Lonely Hearts* and he's singing the last line solo when he notices that the PA is being drowned out by the sound of the crowd shouting along with him. He grins while fists punch the air and the humidity at Martini's rises as a ringing guitar storm heralds what's supposed to be the last song of the evening from Melbourne's most addictive dance band.

Two encores later, the Dots lean exhausted against the stage wall as the

Tactics (left to right) Robert Whittle, Angus Douglas, Geoff Marsh, David Studdert. (pic Roger Grierson).

The Tactical hunger

packed crowd files out. The kids hanging on out front singing choruses of Kelly's *Recognition* may be the same fanatics who follow the band even to the wilds of Sydney, but there's no doubt a few more converts were made tonight.

The Dots haven't yet had a fighting chance to create a following north of the Murray. Chris Worrall, gaunt co-lead guitarist, offers the explanation that they've played the wrong places at the wrong time.

The Dots undoubtedly have a volatility that in unsympathetic surrounds can make the music drag and Paul Kelly's stance seem like so much bored posturing.

Inconsistency is the price paid for the electric quality that on occasion can make the Dots seem like the most complete beat group in the land, for Kelly can command the stage with charisma while stretching his voice into a definition of white street soul.

"Anyone can write a love song," says drummer Tony Thornton as he leans on a cafeteria table after the Dots have stirred up some technical college students at a lunchtime gig. "But not many bands can play a love song with power." Paul Kelly, pale faced and clad as ever in a torn leather jacket, demurs at the accusation that he can only write about failed romance: "They're not all love songs. Just songs about women..."

His subject matter may be limited, but Kelly can ring changes on his chosen theme with an adroitness that results in haunting songs of non-communication (*When The Girl's Not Even English*) to tongue-in-cheek rockers like *Got To Be There In The Morning*. His words always arrive exactly on the beat, and they're wrapped up in tunes that range from carefully textured boogies to pop songs sparkling with hooklines.

If the songs do have stylistic roots, they lie in the 1960s where Kelly looks for inspiration in the classic records of another folkie who discovered the exhilaration of electricity. A couple of Bob Dylan's songs from *Highway 61 Revisited* are still occasional showstoppers in the Dots repertoire; other reference points are vintage Van Morrison and Bruce Springsteen. Kelly's incandescent ballad *Cherry* has hints of all his influences, but transcends them with images of back streets where *"the dream grows fat/begins to split at the seams..."* and a serpentine melody that kicks suddenly into rock'n'roll overdrive.

The Dots are well equipped to exploit every nuance of the songs. Thornton and bassist Paul Gatsby are a propulsive rhythm section, while Chris Dyson and Worrall stalk one another's playing with a finesse and energy that makes them an outstanding guitar duo.

As yet, the only vinyl evidence of The Dots' talents is one privately issued (and now sold-out) EP. The band are philosophical about their lack of a major record deal, but suddenly offers from major labels are becoming more than tentative and The Dots are canvassing their repertoire for a debut single. "We want it to be a hit, because second chances are getting harder to come by these days."

Only The Lonely Heart, recently covered by Jo Jo Zep, may be barred because of its dubious lyrics, but there are enough alternatives; *I Want You Back Again* and *Recognition* are just two songs that have instant radio inflections built into their rushing melodies.

Unlike the High Rise Bombers, the earlier semi-legendary band Kelly formed with Martin Armiger, The Dots have reached a level of cohesion that makes them a potent recording proposition. Recent addition Chris Dyson has suddenly become a promising songwriter; his reggae-tinged *False Chances* is a new highlight of The Dots' set, while Kelly's latest songs explore a range of sound that dispenses with the more obvious tactics of old favourites.

Most of The Dots may have served time in "cult" bands (Bleeding Hearts, Stiletto, Sidewinder) that retreated in disarray in the face of an industry suspicious of their music, but they've come through unbowed and don't intend their new band to lose its way.

Rock'n'roll would be the poorer if they did. There are plenty of successful Australian bands who can crudely manipulate the essentials, but few who can claim the kind of grace and power Kelly and his cohorts achieve. The Dots have mystique to spare but remain accessible; their names may not be on any billboards, but they shouldn't be avoided.

Adrian Ryan

Do you want to know why we called ourselves Tactics?" asks singer/guitarist David Studdert. "Because it didn't have any connotations. It didn't sound like 'The Boys' (punk), or 'The Studdert Bros Band' (fried chicken Southern boogie). We didn't want to get put into any bags, boxes, plots - as in graves."

"Fold your arms across your chest
With a perfect recall
Comes a perfect distress
Austerity...." (Austerity)

"The Australian Cultural Cringe is magnified about four times in Canberra," sighs bass player Geoff Marsh. "It's just not a very exciting place. All the buildings are very white, all exactly the same shape."

But Tactics tasted Sydney enthusiasm via a brief visit during '78, and a permanent move followed early this year.

"What I like about the scene in Sydney is that there are actually *some* bands who are trying to write about how people feel in Australia in 1979, without singing about swagmen and shit like that. Trying to help other bands, trying to write about the future instead of playing out this great image role. Like The Thought Criminals do it, Voigt used to do it, XL Capris, The Products do it...I think it's the" (David clears his throat dramatically) *"Bounden Duty* of every Australian band - it's totally incomprehensible to me why people would want to write songs about anything else, or do a night full of covers."

See Tactics live and you'll know what he's talking about - no hip audience patter, no guitar-hero posing - just four nice people playing songs about how our ancestors wiped out the Aborigines (*Buried Country*), or how you might wake up one morning to find all the furniture moved around (*So Tense*), or how you want to *"say something to someone you really like that doesn't sound like an ad for Diamond Traders."* (*Second Language*).

Angus Douglas is one of that rare breed of lead guitarists whose playing actually enhances the songs instead of intruding, while Robert Whittle (drums) and Geoff Marsh somehow manage to keep some fairly complicated rhythms under control.

But it's The Voice that *really* demands attention. High-pitched and jarring, David Studdert's vocals catch at your nerve endings and won't let go. A sound as someone once described it, "like an empty 44-gallon drum being dragged across concrete."

"I think I know what's going to be happening in this country in the next 10 years but I don't think it's going to be very nice," says Angus. "There's going to be quite a few barbecues overturned and quite a few backyard pools filled in and people ought to write songs about that, rather than 'ah, hey...I shot up last night ma-an and uh....there was blood all over the wall....' and that sort of brown rice shit. I'm sick of rock'n'roll where the actual music is so banal that the lives of the musicians have to be like extra instruments. Because the music's so shithouse you can't sit down and listen to a Stones record without knowing what a macho strutter Jagger is, how much smack Richards shoots up.

"Basically the ambition of the band is to make just *two* good albums, not lots of money," says David. "We're rather inexperienced in the studio. We're hopeless idealists and our relationship to technology is one of utter ignorance - but our single will be out soon on Folding Chair Music," David laughs, "I'll put an ad in RAM." It should be in the Sydney import shops now actually - the manic *Standing By The Window*, backed by *Buried Country* and *Watch My Hands*.

"Let's put it this way," says David, who comes across on stage like an unstable cross between Iggy Pop and Peter Gabriel. "There's a market for good new wave in Britain and Australia and if the Yanks don't want it - fuck the Yanks! Who wants to cater to fucking hamburgers! You eat a hamburger and while you're eating it you're still hungry! Australia *needs* bands that are interested in the future, rather than being totally pessimistic and copying things from the past...."

"I want words that sound like the future
More nouns more words than I can
remember..." (Austerity)

Julia de Meyrick

The Motels - new from Newcastle

The Motels are Maurice Dabruzzo: vocals and lead guitar, Larry Van Kriedt: vocals and guitar, Kent Jackson: bass, and John Bartram: drums. Although Maurice joined 18 months ago, the others have been together for three years.

Musically they've done the rounds - from jazzy funk to rock'n'roll. First I heard of 'em was six months ago when a demo tape sounding like excited Eagles arrived in the mail. It wasn't very good.

The change to short, memorable rock'n'roll tunes came just a few months ago when the band realised they were writing songs more suited to a pop format than tired jazz rock excursions. Now they play "what we like". I must admit I've heard that line before.

They tell me that Newcastle is dominated by cover version bands. Name of the game is Sound Like The Record. It's pretty difficult to get work otherwise although The Motels are breaking through with their new format and intend to stay in Newcastle, using their earnings to finance excursions further afield. Maurice explains that "there's one band in Newcastle who play seven Angels songs almost note perfect. Whenever people yell at us, 'why don't you play any Angels songs' we just tell them, 'because they won't ay any of ours'."

The Motels claim that Newcastle is inhabited by odd creatures. In their words: "If the Incredible Hulk walked down the street no one would look twice."

Musically The Motels write half their repertoire and cover the likes of The Cars, Joe Jackson, and The Police. For good measure they throw in versions of the Yardbirds' *For Your Love*, The Fab Four's *Birthday* and the 'Oo's *Substitute*. The rest are original ditties about, you know, boy meets girl, falls in love, out of love, gets revengeful and writes song. Never fails - vicious retribution prompts most of the great rock'n'roll classics. Three originals - *Love On Ice, Roll On* and *Falling* - have been demo-taped at Jam Studios in Gosford and are presently being shunted around record companies.

On stage it's Maurice who dominates, playing pithy guitar lines, singing real clear and moving all over the stage. The others are more than competent but a little more activity would make them more visually captivating. They're proud of being more than musical novices and demand the same from the material they cover. John defiantly tells me: "The Police and Joe Jackson are good musicians. They know more than three chords."

The Motels are also violently antagonistic towards any suggestion that they're bandwagon hoppers.

"Listen mate, if we wanted to follow trends we would be doing it in Newcastle now, covering the Top 40 and making lots more money than we are now. We're confident we can be the best band in the land - and we're going to be."

It's been said before, but the vigour and determination that accompanies the statement is rather convincing.

You could do a lot worse than check them out next time they're in town. They've got everything a powerful rock'n'roll band needs except a reputation and a record company.

Stuart Coupe

Motels look homeless but cute.

Whittle Family reads press clippings.

But are you really ready for the Whittle Family?

The Whittle Family play country music...sort of. Although delectable bass player Acacia Whittle (aka Lindy Allen) claims she was voted "Miss Forequarter 1979" at the Tamworth Beef Convention, I doubt they'll ever make the stage at the C & W Festival. For one thing, there's something a little strange going on with the costumes - glitter dresses of amazing tackiness trimmed with the fakest fur...tuxedos with roses embroidered on the lapels.

Their opening number switches Johnny Cash's *Folsom Prison Blues* to Pentridge and drags in Ronald Biggs. By the time Slim Whittle (alias Mitch Faircloth) has introduced the rest of his 'family', it's clear they're sending up everything country music holds dear - the political status quo, farmers, family life - with skits and language that gets funnier and raunchier by the minute. (One newspaper reviewer misheard, and quoted Acacia's intro to a feminist satire as "Let's put the 'count' back in country music.")

Slim announces his Senate candidature for the Australian Beef Party ("I promise to reintroduce the death penalty for soya bean farming"), and is embarrassed by wife Tammy's (nee Tracey Harvey) amazing revelations of their sex life. You name it - feminism and fruitfly, freakouts and garterbelts, punk, Divine Inspiration - the Whittles can take the piss out of it, and find a tune for it. The characters are maintained throughout, and the script is tight (though Slim in particular ad libs some crazy stuff). The Whittles are a fast, confident revue that leave plain ol' rock'n'roll a bit flat.

That's just what happens when the Whittles have to play all night, as at most of their recent Sydney gigs; though the two or three sets of old-style rock (with the occasional satirical original like *Young And On The Dole*, or *Captain Frazer*) are varied and competent, they're a bit of an anticlimax after the opening show.

Mind you, the musical content is near-brilliant, considering their inexperience. Gary Adams (country wrestler and all-in drummer, Jack Whittle) and Lindy literally learnt their instruments on the job - no frills, but a steady, relaxed rhythm section. Tracey has been tinkling her guitar and strumming her piano for a while, but all this amplification is a little new; Mitch does a good Johnny Cash and a fair Johnny O'Keefe, (none of which match his Gough Whitlam stylings.) Recent addition Granpa Whittle ('Sleepy' Greg Lawrie), "dragged out of the Concord Repatriation Hospital", is the only known muso (ex Carson, Amigos, Broderick Smith's Hired Hands, etc). He's equally at home with country licks, solid rock, and contributes some fluid solos.

But the Whittle Family isn't really interested in trying to make it *just* as a band. "We don't want to be a visual record player," says Lindy. "We want people to come and be entertained by the characters in the situation."

"We're right into Sunday morning television," maintains Mitch, face frozen in an 'Is-this-idiot-going-to-cop-this?' stare.

There's plenty of kiddin' around as we shovel spaghetti before a show: Mitch and Gary are old mates whose sly, cynical humour flows on and off the stage. Like Linda, they emerged from the Art School world of Melbourne's Carlton and Fitzroy, where the streets are thronged with unemployed film scripts. One of them, a "Z-grade Australian western comedy called *Buckeye and Pinto*" received the kiss of life from the Film Commission in mid '77 and brought the three proto-Whittles together.

The first Family performance was an exhibition organised by Mitch - "Waterbuffalo Bill's Wild Art Show". Several theatre-restaurant seasons followed, and another film (*Terror Lostralis*).

By mid '78 they were doing low-budget ("seven in a caravan") campus tours and had adopted emigre Kiwi Lindy. They entered the wonderful world of rock'n'roll early this year, and are surviving despite the confusion of promoters and audiences about where they belong. But Tracey knows they're doing the right thing: "The endless travelling, night after night playing in smoke filled bars for drunken louts, little or no pay and no chance for any private life. It's fantastic! I love it!"

Actually, the theatre-restaurant remains the perfect environment for the Whittle Show, and after an Arts Council Tour of NSW in December they'll be preparing for a three-month season at Melb ourne Last Laugh early next year. Although they're prepared to play the rock game - they've got a cassette out on their own Birds Hit label - ultimately their interests are much broader. TV is the obvious target. Theirs is the same sort of talent as the Auntie Jack Show, though their current script would tie up a TV channel switchboard for weeks.

"Films...." Gary says softly, sincere for a moment, "Be like the Marx Brothers - spend 15 years getting your act together, then just film it for the rest of your life..."

Greg Taylor

Dylan's conversion - mystery solved.

Nothing guarantees more scorn in rock'n'roll circles than a man who 'gets religion'. I mean, we pay these guys to visit hell and bring us back colour slides and here they go slipping off to heaven. It's a severe breach of contract.

Bob Dylan's new found faith shouldn't come as too much of a surprise though. In 1965 he claimed 'I just don't have any religion or philosophy' and then went on to plug the *I Ching*. In his 1966 *Playboy* interview he's asked by Nat Hentoff: 'You told an interviewer last year, "I've done everything I ever wanted to." If that's true, what do you have to look forward to?' "Salvation," replied Dylan, "Just plain salvation."

Perhaps the most interesting interview in the light of recent events is one he gave to the *American TV Guide* in 1976. The interviewer asked him about his 1971 visit to Israel and subsequent interest in Judaism. "I'm interested in what and who a Jew is," said Dylan. "I'm interested in the fact that Jews are Semites, like Babylonians, Hittites, Arabs, Syrians, Ethopians. But a Jew is different because a lot of people hate Jews. There's something going on there that's hard to explain." He was then asked how he imagined God. "I can see God in a daisy. I can see God at night in the wind and rain. I see creation just about everywhere. The highest form of song is prayer. King David's, Solomon's, the wailing of a coyote, the rumble of the earth. It must be wonderful to be God. There's so much going on out there that you can't get to it all. It would take longer than forever."

During the 1976 Rolling Thunder Revue Dylan found himself working alongside three musicians who were later to become born-again Christians - T-Bone Burnette on bass, Steven Soles rhythm and David Mansfield violin. Soles and Mansfield accompanied Dylan on the 1978 European tour and Soles in particular had spent a lot of time arguing religion with his boss. In

retrospect he and Burnette don't feel that they had much effect on the man although it's hard to believe that their words went wasted. The only thing that Soles can recall registering with him was his constantly saying that: "You can't place your faith in man. I kept telling him that I was so glad that I didn't have to place my faith in man any longer."

The turning point for Dylan came when the girl he'd been living with became a commited Christian. She promptly moved out on him as she'd attained a new set of values. The depth of this committment caused him to set about investigating for himself. She is now immortalised as the Precious Angel who was *"the one/to show me I was blinded/ to show me I was gone."*

His first stop was a bible study led by Hal Lindsey, an American Christian author whose book *The Late Great Planet Earth* came out in 1970 and has remained a best seller. Lindsey's particular concern - the final events in the history of the world as prophesised by the Book of Revelation - obviously captured Dylan's imagination and he would have been intrigued by Lindsey's emphasis on Biblical prophecies concerning the role of Israel and the Jewish people in the days before the return of Christ to earth.

Basically Lindsey, in common with many Christian eschatologists of the past 350 years, sees the restoration of the Land of Israel to the Jewish people as the beginning of the end - an end which sees Jews acknowledging Jesus Christ as the Messiah, a holocaust in the Middle East involving Russia, China, the Arab nations and the Common Market countries and the literal return of Christ.

Close friends like Soles and Burnette all remark on the difference in Dylan's attitude since the covnersion. "He's excited by the fact that he feels he's been rescued," said one. Others commented on the love and warmth that he's now projecting. One of his first worries has been to decide his relationship with his back catalogue. Initially he felt he could no longer sing many of the songs from his past but a musician friend of his, a fellow Jewish Christian who has become something of a spiritual confidant to him, advised him to carry on performing them as they were a valid part of his pilgrimage.

Dylan's conversion is as much as anything an indication of two movements that have been gaining ground in the U.S. The first is among musicians with Dan Peek (America), Ritchie Furay (Poco), Roger McGuinn (Byrds), Al Perkins (Mannasass), B.J. Thomas, Barry McGuire and Leon Patillo (Santana) becoming Christians in recent years. The second is the rise of Messianic Judaism - Jews who believe that acceptance of Jesus Christ as the Messiah prophesied in the Old Testament merely completes their Jewishness rather than negates it.

Steve Turner

Shy Imposters Debut

Well, bless my starry eyes, I think I've just seen history being made.'

Just imagine, one day I might be able to boast that I was there for the very, very first Shy Impostors gig.

Premature adulation, or accurate prediction? Maybe a bit of both.

Yes, you must remember the night 400 curious people packed the Civic to witness one of the hottest deb uts the city has ever seen.

Of course, the popular Lipstick Killers helped make the night a top drawcard, playing their first gig after the release of a great single, *Hindu Gods (Of Love)*. (*see singles reviews - ed*)

However, I think it's safe to say it was word of mouth about the Impostors' debut which attracted the full house, the previous week the Killers' combination with XL Capris drew only a third of the number.

If ever a band deserved accolades for a debut, it is Shy Impostors. Talk about potential.

Yeah, maybe you say "bullshit", but I haven't felt so GOOD about a new band in ages.

Every song was a gem; all were tight, melodic, very danceable tunes. In fact I've been walking around for days with melodies in my head that I now realise belong to Impostors' songs.

Although a definite part of the "Sydney Sound", it's this highly melodic quality that sets Shy Impostors apart from their Sydney contemporaries.

Maybe that's the feminine touch. The band is fronted by Penny Ward, a familiar figure in Sydney rock'n'roll. Not only can she sing, but this girl can move.

The three other band members are country "imports" - drummer Michael Charles and bass guitarist Peter Oxley coming from the Tweed, and lead guitarist Richard Bergman from the Riverina.

The band gave a very professional performance for a first night, showing imagination and sensitivity uncommon in three-piece groups.

At first they did tend to race a little and Ward's slightly nervous vocals sounded a bit like Patti Smith's, but thank goodness, both of these traits disappeared as the set progressed. (Backing vocals were a little strained at times, as well.)

And the plusses definitely outnumbered the minusses. Guitarist Bergman alternately displayed tactful restraint and surging power. Check out Charles' machine gun drumming or 19-year-old Oxley's rumbling bass line in *Seeing Double*.

Shy Impostors performed 14 songs, only two of them non-originals. (One cover was the Kinks' *Till The End Of The Day* and the other an oldie by The Astronauts.)

But it was the originals that were most impressive.

It's great that a new band can get such an enthusiastic response without having to cheapen its act by performing recognisable covers just to put the audience at ease.

Sure, the Civic crowd may have been sympathetic, but I believe the band's songs would stand up in even the most partisan of Sydney's venues.

This band, if they can continue to write catchy, imaginative songs, will become one of Sydney's favourite pub bands. That's the sort of feel they've got.

Darcy Condon

Adelaide's Account-ants - minus five.

In Adelaide there is about a 500-strong band of faithful 'pub-rock goers', very much aware of being a minority and defensive as hell.

There are also, necessarily, very few bands aiming at this audience, all of them desperately aware that prolonged performing here usually amounts to a declaration of bankruptcy.

So the gang clusters into little armies, fighting to be noticed, yet a little afraid of being too original for fear of being struck out altogether.

And who can blame them in a town where the leading disco now offers 'new wave' nights - but only to those for whom 'punk' is a fashion accessory, not, God forsake us, a lifestyle.

The Accountants, for instance, played recently at the Centralia Hotel, supporting Terminal Twist.

They are presently suffering the eternal Australian rock establishment blues. No manager, no paid-off equipment, no backing and especially no money. And there's a persistent paranoia among promoters and hotel owners about 'punk' bands, a label which is quite simple to acquire. The Accountants have achieved this honour, and are finding a number of doors closed to them.

Recently an over-exuberant fan scribbled their name on a toilet wall in a hotel they were booked to play in. The ever-cautious owner cancelled them.

At most, The Accountants have very decisive traces of early British new wave in their shows. The style, the stance, the speed, the songs. All are very aggressive and fast, but a certain amount of sloppiness and repitition prevents any anger from boiling over - rather they fume on, often to the point of boredom.

On this particular night, sound problems didn't help. Dave Walker's vocals were rarely audible and never coherent. The guitars disappeared regularly into a high volume of cat calls and screeching. This could partly be blamed on the venue. The stage would have just fitted the band comfortably if it hadn't been for their equipment. Guitarists Hugh Llewellyn and Ron Putens could never get far enough from their amps to stop the feedback.

The band plays mostly original songs - but some seem so wonderfully *familiar*, especially *Hello Baby* (or similar; incoherence reigned again) which borrowed more than a few ideas from Lou Reed's *Vicious*. Lyrics deal mainly with your traditional anti-tradition themes. Damn the family, damn the government, damn its jobs, damn its public service - damn everyone who damns us. Sure, they're relevant, topical and whatever, but it will take more than a retreat into the 'anti' world to give The Accountants a damning voice.

Andy Steele says they have the ability and the desire to work hard, and be Adelaide's first full-time, self-supporting band (everyone else departs East to make money).

Marie McInerney

Accountants score trio of page 11 visuals. Top; Dave Walker, Hugh Llewellyn. Mid; Dave Walker. Bottom; Nick Hope, Hugh Llewellyn.

The sun sets on Western Flyer

Most Perth bands have to built a secure base for a year or two before they can venture East; unfortunately few record companies are prepared to send representative to sign Perth groups on their home turf. Early last year however, a new Perth group had an album released and a heavy national promotion campaign before they'd even performed in the Eastern States, a launching rare even in such high-powered scenes as Sydney and Melbourne (where supergroups are formed over lunch, recorded after dinner and in the deletion bins by next week....). The band was Western Flyer, and the record company went in to bat partly because the album, *First Flight*, was a lease deal - the band financed the recording - and because of the reputation of its founders, Matt Taylor and Brian Peacock. Matt Taylor is probably more of a public figure, for his early work with Chain, his big solo hit with *I Remember When I Was Young*, and his famous Aussie drawl that leaves Dave Warner and Paul Hogan with plums in their mouths. And within the industry Brian Peacock's credentials were very solid. Arriving from New Zealand with the Librettos in '65, he helped form Procession, one of the first Oz bands to win a big overseas record deal. When the group split up in England, Mick Rogers and Craig Collinge joined Manfred Mann, while Ross Wilson returned home to become Daddy Cool. Brian started writing for people like the New Seekers, contributing to some platinum sellers, and tour managing three of their American tours. Their version of his song *Anthem* went Top Ten last year... all in all, Western Flyer looked like a bankable proposition. They headed straight out on a national tour, did supports for Linda Ronstadt, Taj Mahal and Leo Sayer, among others, got their name round the country in the time most bands take to find an agent. And now it's all over.

"It's very unlikely the band will go back on the road," says Brian diplomatically; he is, after all, whipping around the country promoting the new live studio album, *Live To Survive*, so one can't say the band is 'dead'. But most of them are already working elsewhere - Matt Taylor in Perth, guitarist Mick Elliot deputising for an afflicted Andy Durant in Stars, and bass player James Gillard doing the same for Greg Macainsh in Skyhooks. So what went wrong?

"We lost more on this third tour than on the first two combined. So we just had to do something creative about it... like stop." Despite over a year of hard gigging and solid promotion, the Flyer never really took off. "Probably because it was almost two bands in one. Matt's material and mine are quite different - we thought it would blend enough to be accepted, and it was live; but on record it was too disparate." Certainly there's a difference between Taylor's bluesy songs and his trademark dinkum Aussie raves, and Peacock's smoother hook melodies, yet on this new album they *are* complimentary...but I 'spose I can't ask them to go on beating their heads against the wall 'cause I like the sound...

Western Flyer may have finished, but Brian Peacock certainly hasn't. "I can't say definitely what I'll be doing, or who with - but I've got a lot of strong songs together. I'm thinking of going to the States for six weeks to get a publishing thing together; maybe I'll get the band together before I go, or when I come back." After nearly twenty years in the music business, from Nelson to New York, he can afford to be philosophic about winding up the band. "It started in friendship and it's ended in friendship - and you can't ask more than that, can you?"

Greg Taylor

Visitor and sheep dog (left to right) Andy Wong Yen, Tony Cooper, Steve Manassah, Tom Horan, Claude Woodward.

Perth's Visitors rut sheep

How many bands can get a crowd *bleating*? Not many, but when they do Pink Floyd's *Sheep* Visitor can. To see people suddenly stop conversations and let rip with a melancoly "baaa!" as the song begins, defies description. But it's a wondrous sight (especially when you're drunk).

Visitor are ex-Tavern folkie Tom Haran (vocals and sound effects), Andy Wong Yen (guitar, synthesiser), Claude Woodward (keyboards and beard), Steve Manassah (bass and teaching degree) and Tony Cooper (drums).

The band has been playing English-inspired techno-flash for 18 months to amazingly appreciative Perth audiences. Tonight, in the cozy confines of the City Hotel, is no exception. The crowd, made up of the usual hip uni mob, blue collar workers, disco-goers and even (here's real dedication) a guy in a wheelchair, are enraptured.

As the band launch into *Basis For Analogy*, an original, the influences spring to mind. An epic feel a la Genesis, the coy cheekiness of 10cc, the technological trappings of Floyd are all present.

A brief respite during Supertramp's *Asylum* and it's into another original, *The Long Red-Legged Scissor Man*, about a brat called Simon who is frightened by a bogey man called Scissor Man.

The song is supposed to show how the bogey man lives in us all and, for all its outward triteness, it works. Claude Woodward's synthesiser soars, leaps and bounds, and then fritters away to nothing as the bogey man returns to Simon's head. As the song dies, a guy standing next to me tells his girlfriend in a hushed voice: "This song sounds great when you're stoned."

During *Morocco*, another group original, with hazy images of bazaars and sand-blasted cities, you can almost smell the camel shit.

These guys are confident. You can see it in their playing, their arrangements, their whole approach to the ballgame. Visitor aren't a bunch of tired BOF's either, recycling meaningless metaphysical blurb. They have real urgency and defined energy. Any crowd will tell you that.

"We're playing music that people still want to hear," Tom tells me. To reinforce the effect, Visitor always throw in the occasional very recognisable favourite like *Bloody Well Right* or *Wall Street Shuffle*. As an encore they did a delirious version of Skynyrd's anthem, *Free Bird*.

I loved 'em, and I don't even own a Genesis album.

Rick Southam

Western Flyer keep it in the family. Matt Taylor far left, Brian Peacock far right.

Blackmail Corner

Just who is this little darling with the flowing blond locks and clean cut features? Would you believe he now has a short-cut (don't they all?) and that boyish face is blotched with regulation rock'n'roll excess. The bass player, by the way, is Michael Smith, formerly of Scandal. But back then he was in an Adelaide three-piece called Ice. The drummer went on to join another Southern band with a low-temperature name. Ultimately the band moved to Sydney and after a year or so of regulation slog and hardship they made it big, big, BIG. And sleazy. Big and sleazy enough for the drummer to pay up $5 to keep his shameful, clean-living past under wraps. How about it Steve, or do we Reveal All next Ish?

HIGH FIDELITY

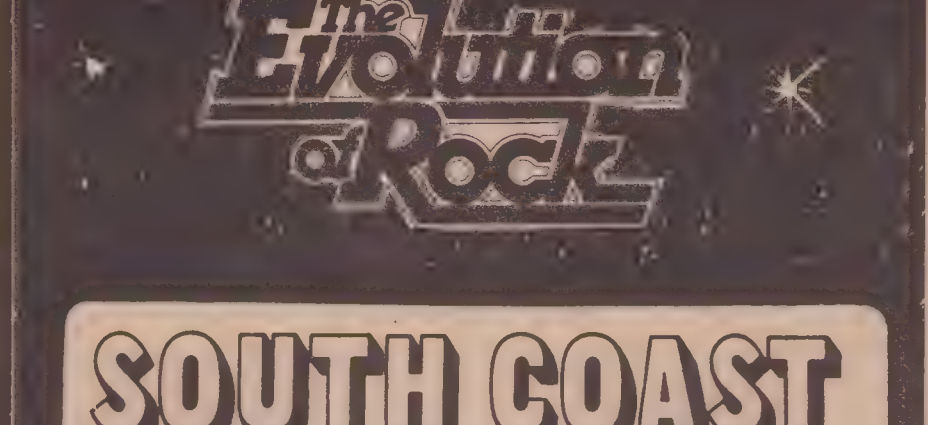
the B-52's

ALBUM BSK 3355 CASSETTE M5W 3355
ON WARNER BROS RECORDS & TAPES

Distributed by WEA Records Pty. Limited A Warner Communications Company

The Evolution of Rock

SOUTH COAST 2ST HIGHLANDS



james gillard · matt taylor
bruce devenish · mick elliot
brian peacock
john poole-johnson

(captured live)

Western Flyer

LIVE TO SURVIVE
37055

infinity

their latest album

Santana through the years

TEN YEARS AGO, SOMETHING HAPPENED IN SAN FRANCISCO... IN 1979 IT'S THE FOURTH AUSTRALIAN VISIT.

The first time Carlos Santana walked on stage in Australia he asked for 60 seconds of meditational silence, "so we can play our highest, deepest form of music." There were all sorts of ways it could have been a tacky ploy, but this was 1973, the year of *Caravanserai* and Carlos was at his height of hypnotic, fluid guitar power. The eight piece group sprawled from furthest stage left to the tip of stage right and they locked into a sinewy flow of inter-weaving unity, a mood piece that melded the entire *Caravanserai* album and parts of the forthcoming *Welcome*. Even *Black Magic Woman* fitted in there somewhere.

And Carlos, whisked fresh from the eternal incense and draped scenario of his specially re-decorated hotel room, grimaced over his guitar like a sinner doing penance and then would soar into his trademark sharp, clean sustain and blurr of speed trills, accelerating the rhythm, cutting through the percussion tempi. Then he'd flash a jubilant smile. Serenity, inner-harmony and the music's on the side of the Gods.

Incredibly, in 1973 Santana's concerts averaged three and three quarter hours each. It certainly wasn't the long haired sensuous hero of *Soul Sacrifice* and the Woodstock generation. *That* Santana never came to Australia. But if religion, the guru Sri Chimnoy were not a welcome substitute, *Caravanserai* was. And the band was *h-o-t*. There was Jose Chepito Areas on congas (rejoining the group after being hospitalised with a brain haemorrhage), and there was 49-year old Armando Peraza on bongos and congas, plus the magnificent Michael Shrieve on drums. Doug Rauch on bass, Tom Coster and Richard Kermode on keyboards. Vocalist was Leon Thomas (the creamy-voiced jazz singer who'd sung with Pharoah Sanders and was on loan to Santana from the Cannonball Adderley Band).

Cheeky Chepito customarily introduced a shot of earthiness into the spiritual skys by urging lissome blonde (always blonde) girls from the audience onto stage during the encores and, thence, into the dressing rooms.

Nearly three years later, Santana came back. The *Welcome* and *Barboletta* follow-ups to *Caravanserai* had proved that long-term exposure to higher thoughts can soften the gut-level edge of man's music. Two side ventures with Chinmoy cohorts John Mclaughlin (*Love, Devotion, Surrender* in '73) and Alice Coltrane (*Illumina-tions* in '74) proved Carlos' steadfastness of faith but did nothing much in the Golden Tabernacle of Sales.

The '76 tour album was *Amigos*, a drastic change of direction from the past three years of meditate-don't-dance music. A big seller, it was certainly helped by having the man, in the country, playing live. Crowd after crowd came boogie-in out of Australia's concert halls praising that ol' guitar magic. Carlos hadn't changed his spiritual outlook but he'd moderated his worldly view. It was ok by him if people danced in the aisles. And that's what the concert crowds did. Salvation could wait.

The '76 band was David Brown on bass (a veteran from the Woodstock days who'd returned to help re-intensify the beat), the now-52 year old Armando Peraza on congas and bongos, Tom Coster still on keyboards, Ndugu on drums (Shrieve had left to form Automatic Man) and vocalist Greg Walker.

The third visit was for Rockarena, at the end of '77. Santana played Sydney and Melbourne as the 'afternoon star', supported by Kevin Borich. The evening belonged to Little River Band and Fleetwood Mac. In Sydney particularly, many considered Santana *the* star of the whole day. On a hot afternoon, in front of a large expectant crowd, Carlos's emphasis was on guitar strength and rock solidarity. Spiritually he was still on the same plane, but, again, his beliefs were no longer channeled so challengingly through the music. *Soul Sacrifice* and the Santana re-vamp of the Zombies' 1964 hit *She's Not There* were the concert highlights. Those and Santana's ever-entrancing guitar improvisations, dripping with distinctive purity and sweetness of tone and the man's ability to sustain feedback notes for cliff-hanging lengths of time.

In '79 he's back again. Fourth tour and (approximately, counting special projects and compilations) fifteenth album, the aptly titled *Marathon*. Not the best Santana album of all time (especially not if you believe Greg Taylor's review this ish), but by now, his audiences expectations are beyond the latest piece of product. This is Santana's decade as a frontman guitarist. In all it's been a topsy-turvy, turmoil of peak brilliance (*Caravanserai*, for instance, still stands as one of the decade's all-time best albums), cosmic bulldust and dancing beat endurance. And forever, hovering over his head like an indelible halo is the mass throat scream of *SOOOOOOOOOOOOUL SAAAAACRAFICE."*

Early Santana, circa second album in 1970. Dig that crazy cat second on left with the dreadlocks

'Caravanseral' Santana in Oz, July 1973. (left to right) Tom Coster, Mike Shrieve, Leon Thomas, Carlos.

Guru Sri Chinmoy and faithful children John McLaughlin and Carlos in 1973.

james gillard· matt taylor
bruce devenish· mick elliot
brian peacock
john poole-johnson

(captured live)

Western Flyer

LIVE TO SURVIVE
37055

infinity **their latest album** festival

69 Oxford St.,
Bondi Junction

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

P.O Box 196
Woollahra NSW 2025

ARTIST MANAGEMENT
EXCLUSIVE MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATION
OF FINE AUSTRALIAN ROCK 'N' ROLL

THE ANGELS
COLD CHISEL
FLOWERS

BOOK DIRECT – 02·389 2100

4ZZZ PRESENTS

OCTOBER JOINT EFFORTS
AT
CLOUDLAND BALLROOM

Rockpile with Mental as Anything and The Apartments. —— Oct 13

Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons
Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock
James Griffin and
The Limousines } Oct 20

53 6 8 10 13 2 DOUBLE 0 16

Top of the dial 1575

AV1202

a little bit old, a little bit tattered, somewhat soiled, but not at all shattered.

Glorious cynicism, faded dreams, Nick Lowe has come up no trumps so many times, a full hand is just another deal to him. And it's the same with his cohorts in Rockpile - Dave Edmunds, Billy Bremner and Terry Williams. Nick leads Paul Morley on a guided tour through the aesthetic of survival just prior to their Oz tour

Nick Lowe has a cigarette in one hand, a drink in the other. Such objects rarely desert his clutch. I keep looking over his shoulder, seeing my reflection in a mirror and thinking what a way to earn a living. Asking a man who drinks and smokes a lot, writes pleasant little ditties, helps people make pop records and who seems on the verge of a nervous breakdown a series of questions that make people believe he's special.

I fiddle with the yellow top of Lowe's cider bottle and wonder if he gets much chance to do anything other than music. Lowe's huge face eases into action.

"Er, well I'm not really interested in doing things apart from music. I used to spend all my time going out to see groups. I don't now and in fact I hardly ever listen to records...I do see some groups, but generally I think they're so duff....

"I haven't seen a good group for ages. Everything seems so stagnant. It seems to be like '76 still. And what the punk thing is being replaced by is this awful arty farty shit...like hippie music with thin ties or something. It's exactly the same old cobblers I can remember when the pub rock thing started."

There seems to me a massive and positive difference between say, the Human League and Genesis, Siouxsie And The Banshees and ELP...in approach, ambition, influences. There's rebellion, concern, speculation, a lot less pomposity and a lot more noise. Nick Lowe, though, is the kind of person who, if you say, look you're being silly about this, will replay, 'Yeah, I suppose I am really.' So my indignant opposition brings about a sigh, a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yeah....but....I dunno, maybe I'm just an old cynic. I don't think there's any such thing as going forward." There's nothing so sour as a defeated idealist. "Cos everyone thought they were going forward in 1967, when Sgt Pepper came out; everyone thought that was it, the sky's the limit, there is no limit to what can go down.

"But just the same rules apply nowadays. There's still the same record advances and geezers get a whole lot of money and things get dull and boring and there's no way out.

"The only two ways out, and this is a bit of a cliche - I think George Best said this actually - he said the only two ways to get out of where you're going, the channels you're streamlined into is to be a pop star or a footballer.

"...yeah....the only two ways out...and the thing about the pop business is, it's totally classless. Whether you're a lighting rigger or a lead guitarist, it's just whether you're on the case and a reasonably decent human being.

"It was the life of it that always appealed to me more than ever being a virtuoso. I never really wanted to be a virtuoso. The life of it to me was going to be beautiful women and wild parties and all that sort of thing, the things that most people think is the life I lead.

"And the actuality...well, you spend most of your time waiting, hanging around, and, er, I think that's why I'm so cynical. I'm still well enthusiastic about everything and I think I'm good at what I do, but I get very frustrated, cos it's happened to me.

Another cheerful, laugh-a-minute night on the road with Rockpile. (Left to right) Nick Lowe, Dave Edmunds, Terry Williams, Billy Bremner).

"It is very nice when someone slings you a big cheque for strumming a few chords."

"There's been times in the past when I've kicked myself and thought this is a movement y'know, that we're going to change the face of the earth. But you can't, it's still the same old, y'know, mafiosa rule the roost, and they pat people, even Malcolm McLaren - there's people patting him on the head somewhere. He's reckoned he turned the world upside down. He fucking hasn't.

"I think if you stick at something long enough," Lowe softly continues along his patient way, "even if it's estate agency, if you stick at it long enough then eventually your turn comes around. Suddenly it's next! They discard one lot and it's the next lot on the launching pad.

"And then so on. It just revolves around and then after a while you're dumped. But it's generally up to you if you're dumped or not, if you can't ride it. But I don't particularly want to do that. I don't like riding, I like feeling like an underdog.

"I'm not looking for any success or anything like that, 'cos I don't like people who are successful particularly....it's a bit of a sweeping statement that... generally people that I don't know anyway.

"When I first started I did have this idea about you go out and make a record and everyone grooves on it and then you get lots of money and lots of women and then you get really rich. I had all those silly ideas, but it didn't take long to get it knocked out of me. Well...in fact it did - it took a hell of a long time to get knocked out of me."

So long that by the time it was knocked out of you there were the first traces of acceptance?

"No.....I'd started...long before I'd started earning any money I started to feel proud of what I did. That's probably because I had a very bad time in the early '70s with acid...and, er, I thought I was...I nearly lost my marbles...there's no two ways about it. I went like a vegetable for quite a long time, and after that I realised I couldn't do anything else, it was almost like a straw to clutch at - a duff old guitar, that was all I had.

"And it was after that I made up my mind to do whatever I thought was a good idea - sod what everyone else thought. And, er, I've never done anything with a view to becoming rich and famous...it is great fun, and it is very nice when someone slings you a big cheque for strumming a few chords...."

Dave Edmunds and Lowe strut stage stuff.

Nick Lowe hides slight paunch with handy acoustic.

"I'm still a bit of an old hippie like that."

What about the people who give you this life, the people out there now waiting for Rockpile to hit the stage.

Lowe looks at the floor and takes a deep breath.

"Well....I must admit...I never really...how can I put this. No. I don't feel any sort of gratitude to anybody for the fact that I'm earning some money. They don't have to buy my records. I've put out so many records that have flopped. I couldn't imagine going out to buy one of my records, not in a million years. But I feel grateful to something or other.

"Actually I'm beginning to sound like an old hippie already. It's the force of the sky man! I don't know what it is, but I don't ever feel 'my wonderful public' or anything like that, cos I don't know who they are.

"All I know is that I listen when someone's pumping gas into the Transit, or the guy's delivering the milk or the letters. I listen to what they're whistling, what they're singing and I wonder, oh why have they picked up on that bit? Because I'm interested in seeing if I don't have to compromise myself, cos I'm still a bit of an old hippie like that, and making something like *that*...

Rockpile have a neat range of dandyish shoes. Terry Williams has a soft pair of cream delights complete with delicate buckles. Billy Bremner's footwear is well put together. Dave Edmunds wears tough two-texture boots that smooth to a dull point. Nick Lowe bought his thick inflexible looking cowboy boots in Phoenix. Rockpile are a real group built from the feet up.

Rockpile are not pretty. Williams is small and sneaky. Bremner is thick and fleshy. Edmunds is shrivelled and blotchy. Lowe was not elegantly manufactured. With Rockpile we're in nowhereland, where compromise is a shameful thing but looking smart isn't.

Rockpile are another sort of pub rock remnant, with Rumour; equally traditional, weary and wicked, lovable and lamentable.

I've got this reputation," grins Lowe, "as being the 'new wave' producer or something. Anyone who knows anything about making records knows that the early stuff - I've done some good records, I know that - but the early stuff I did was absolutely useless. I knew nothing about it. The only reason I got into it was that when Stiff formed I was the only person who had ever worked in a studio just about. I had no interest in being a producer at all.

"I've learnt about it now and I've sort of developed ideas from listening to Edmunds and listening to the radio.

"I don't come across as real humble - I'm a revolting ego tripper actually - but it's like I'm at a loss as to why I'm in this position. Cos I've just bumbled my way through the whole thing.

"The one thing I'm certain of is I like being out of synch, I like being not quite right for what's happening at the time...

"I want to make records people will like and that I can be proud of. When I say I've bumbled through, I mean, I listen to say a Jeff Lynne record and now that sounds to me like a craftsman's record. I could never make records like that, I just haven't got the patience.

"I feel like I'm a stamp collector. Being in the music business is like a hobby for me. And my real job is just keeping my actual mentals together. That is my job. That's like working in the estate agents, and this pop music lark is what I do in the evenings sort of thing. I'm keen on it. But I have to spend most of my day just getting through the day, not going mad. That is the hardest work for me."

You're worried about boredom?

"Well, boredom is the most frightening thing. Bored people are boring people, I generally find, so the reason I work hard is because if I'm continually setting myself things to do then I can't get bored - even though I'm irritated and don't want to do them. I just have to think about my own sanity."

Do you ever feel you're losing that?

"Oh yeah, I mean real bad. I come across as an idiot, I know, but it's only because I'm, er, just desperate, just desperate to get through it. We've all got to get through it, from the cradle to the grave, we all want to get through there, and unfortunately I'm very aware of that.

"Maybe that's why I come across sounding very humble, which I don't mean to sound. People often say to me, you've got no belief in yourself. Well, I have - but my own involvement in the music business is just so that it keeps my brain thinking about something else apart from me...and that's why I come across as a sort of drunken prick."

Lowe pushes his head between his hands and mockmoans: "In fact I'm a serious artist, no one will understand." He sits up. "Yes, that's about it."

You think about things too much, I say uselessly.

"Mmmm....yeah...that's...yeah...of course Rockpile is great...what do they call it when you get bitten by a snake....?"

Antidote.

"I come across as an idiot I know, but it's only because I'm, er, just desperate..."

"...antidote. Yeah, Rockpile is the antidote. Those guys are a continual source of amazement. Because they're infuriating on the one hand and very kind on the other, capable of great compassion, and good, fine qualities, and they're interested in music, which is handy cos that's basically all I talk about."

He laughs.

Do you, I wonder, feel that being involved with Rockpile suppresses your individuality?

"Yeah, but that's fine by me cos it helps me to be a little anonymous, I don't like being a frontman. I just disappoint people all the time, y'know, if I'm shoved into that slot. So Rockpile is perfect for me."

What about there being two obvious individuals in the group? The jealousies, the conflict, the inner turmoil...

"That's the funny thing about Rockpile. It is in fact extraordinarily equal. I suppose if you pressed everyone, they would say it's Dave's group really. I think Dave is the leader. But Billy and Terry have almost as much say."

The gig is reckless and perky and somehow splendid. Billy Bremner stares into space, oblivious of his uncool double chin. Terry Williams shugs away doing just enough to raise a sweat. Nick Lowe looks his usual awkward self as he thuds unconvincingly on a ludicrously excessive but beautiful looking cherry red eight-string bass. Dave Edmunds is careful not to put a hair out of place or mess up his well pressed jeans and shirt. In a way the whole thing's not far off Bill Haley and the Comets; in a way it's downright deplorable.

And yet somehow it's splendid. Maybe it's because of Rockpile's well worn cynicism - but it's a long way from 'Death Disco'. Like Rockpile have got nothing to lose.

That's the funny thing about Rockpile It is in fact extraordinarily equal."

Lowe, afterwards: "I can get really nervous before a gig, it's a kind of feeling I enjoy. It's a masochistic thing, and tonight I was extra nervous because there was hardly any sound check. I don't even know how things are working or what they are. If people ask me what PA we are using I says it's black and made of wood. I don't know what things are called or how they work. I just know when they break down - it feels really bad and tonight it felt like it was going to fall to bits.

"But we got to *Cracking Up* and it all started to go and you can tell when people move. There's a feeling that comes across...it's easy then.

"We're so used to English audiences and so cynical ourselves, and knowing how cynical the audiences are...the thing about Rockpile is the stuff we do is so simple. If you just play it ain't going to impress nobody. I think what people get off with in Rockpile is that everybody's playing these simple tunes like in their sleep but like grooving on them.

"It's like no work's gone into them, and that's what makes Rockpile such a good group.

"But when you're not convinced yourself, that's when you get nervous.

"The headbangers... get replaced by all these young girls, and I'm not even into young girls!"

"I think groups are really dull at the moment, really dull, but I think Rockpile are fun because it is *such* a group, because it is what I always thought was a good group - sort of all friends with each other, didn't take it seriously but they were good, and it was almost like they did it without thinking about it...and a style comes out of it.

"My record got slagged because I think everyone was expecting me to write more songs about people getting eaten by dogs, and on purpose I wanted to make a straight record...because it ain't the individual tracks to me, it's the whole theme that is summed up.

"So I was kind of surprised people missed the point. I just wanted an old fashioned sort of pub rock approach, just to piss a few people off. Just that."

After the encore laden gig, in an almost boozeless dressing room packed with visitors, Dave Edmunds is using Pennie's camera to take some pictures of a quietly conversing Nick Lowe. Lowe impatiently poses now and again.

A team of sweet, soft young girls file in, looking embarrassed. Funny thing is, there's not a male amongst them, nor anyone seemingly over 17. Lowe is surrounded, a look of benign bemusement on his rugged face. The incongruous perverse father figure gently talks to his flock.

Soon, it's my turn again.

We sit down in the same chairs. I look at the almost dejected looking Lowe and act surprised that he has the strength to produce other people. To be a leader.

"Sometimes I can tell people off. I'm the mildest guy in the world, but yeah, I can. Most of the people I've produced have been my friends, and you have got to do some acting...

"Cos that's what I think a producer's role is, to get the performance on the mind.

"For that I'll do anything. Some people like to be flattered, some like to think they're well above you, that you're a complete idiot. You suss out what they need to hear from you.

"Obviously I do some arranging - I suggest arrangements, if I think there's something big that's not needed, I try and arrange it so that every bit is needed, and I like it to sound desperate, even if it's a slow love song.

"I don't want to be like an engineer. I don't want to sit there listening to the leader of the group telling me how to do the drum sound. That's why me and Elvis get on so well making records. Cos we're both real keen on it, real interested but the pair of us are just completely open for any sort of suggestion or change that might become apparent.

"Also Elvis is a great singer.

"It's drums and voice that are the two most important things about records, I think.

"Look at that Tubeway Army thing - that voice is immediately the most irritating thing and when you've heard it a few times, the most appealing, sort of disembodied...and Elvis is great. I can say to El, look at that line in *Accidents Will Happen*, I don't want to have it....lean into the mike there, tell it like you're telling a secret, and he'll say, 'oh I know what you mean, yeah, you mean not exactly whispering, but confiding'.

"We got through that a lot. You build up an aural picture. It's not like someone singing a song. It's like a little performance. Elvis actually could be a good producer, for someone else, not himself, cos he's very adaptable.

"But at the same time he is such a personality. I mean I couldn't take that - going into a pub and having all those people coming up to him and asking for his autograph."

I remind him of those girls who flooded into the dressing room. He slumps in his chair.

"It made an old man very happy. No, I'm just amazed that they do. I can't understand why...what they see in Rockpile. Cos I've noticed a gig starts with all the headbangers up front, the Quo fans, but after a while they're not getting off on it cos it's rock and roll but it ain't beating over your head...it's like pub rock or summat...I cannot see it at all. But they seem to get replaced by all these young girls, and I'm not even into young girls! At all. But it's still...great that they show up...."

Just as we leave the dressing room I ask Lowe if there are any challenges left. He sways onto his feet. "There's billions of them."

The Transit speeds down the M1 back to London. Dave Edmunds attempts to learn the words to a new song. Nick Lowe is up front, swigging the cider, carefully pouring out of the bottle into a plastic cup.

In London Rockpile are dropped off one by one. We leave Lowe at Shepherds Bush Road. He slurs an incoherent goodbye. It's Friday morning. Another day in the long range Nick Lowe plan to resist insanity and estate agency.

And of course, Nick Lowe will survive.

THE RUSSELL MORRIS BAND

MORE THAN JUST A

FOOT IN THE DOOR

STARTLING AUDIENCES ACROSS AUSTRALIA

STARTLING AUDIENCES ACROSS AUSTRALIA

STARTLING AUDIENCES ACROSS AUSTRALIA

TRACKS INCLUDED:-
HOT LOVE
LOVE STEALER
& THEIR NEW HIT
I'M JUST A WRITER

Mushroom
Australia's Rock Planet

THRU festival

ALBUM OUT NOW! L37074
ON MUSHROOM RECORDS & TAPES.

TOUR DATES
EDDIE MONEY / SANTANA TOUR.

OCT.

3, 4, 5	MELBOURNE, FESTIVAL HALL
7	BRISBANE, FESTIVAL HALL
8, 9, 10	SYDNEY, HORDERN PAVILION
12 - 14	GOLD COAST
17	MACKAY CIVIC CENTRE
18	BOWEN TOWN HALL
19	TOWNSVILLE OUTDOORS
20	CAIRNS TOWN HALL
21	MT ISA KALKADOON PARK
23	BONDAGERA CIVIC THEATRE
24	BILAWELA MUNICIPAL THEATRE
25	MARYBOROUGH TOWN HALL
26	ROCKHAMPTON CIVIC THEATRE
28	BRISBANE
OCT 31 – NOV 4	MELBOURNE

NOV.

7	HOBART GRANADA TAVERN
8	BURNIE MENAR HOTEL
9	HOBART UNI THEATRE
10	LAUNCESTON OLD TUDOR HOTEL

MI-SEX

Technological criminals work horribly hard at making rock'n'roll an occupation, a job, a career and a game.

by Annie Burton

Mi-Sex line up for dressing room mirrors. (pic Ian Greene).

Thursday night in Sylvania in outer suburban Sydney: a straggle of self-contained girls chatter down the steps to the rambling hotel, a young boy quietly bleeding post-fight in the shrubbery, and Mi-Sex are leading a bone crushing, highly charged pack of enthusiasts over the top inside. Out on the floor the boys are bounding high into the air, pausing only to apologise sweetly to the owners of pogo-crushed toes before levitating again; they keep it up and up as long as the band keeps unleashing controlled doses of energy.

After celebrating their first year in Australia, Mi-Sex are keeping it up very impressively. In this particular large box full of pleasurably crazed sardines, a strong thread of sanity is holding things down the middle. It's also coming from the band. There's a feeling of control, pacing, balance: Mi-Sex may sing about a variety of madnesses, but close to the stage, it becomes obvious just how assiduously they're applying themselves to performing. As they huddle out of sight at the side of the stage before returning for the encore - a solid, hard hitting song ornamented with chilling keyboards and no-mercy guitar called *Ice Cold Dead* - the band members pass a jug of water to each other. It disappears in the same way hard-playing sportsmen drink in mid-summer - as though by absorption.

After the packed house has dwindled down the road, Mi-Sex are recovering in what seems to be a grungy bathroom at the back of the hotel. A camera crew from New Zealand making a TV special about expatriate Kiwis in Australia, corners them for a half hour. 'Well,' the cameraman explains, 'we thought we'd have a look at this band - one that's doing so well.'

Just how well is that? At the moment, their first Oz single, *But You Don't Care* No. 29 nationally; the album it's taken from, *Graffiti Crimes*, is at 20 in the Kent National Album chart. Mi-Sex have just taken their first three days off in a year; two of those days ended up being devoted to meetings. When a band has no time off, they don't really compain about it; they might bitch a bit, but they certainly don't *complain*.

Is it really that simple - in only 12 months? Not according to guitarist Kevin Stanton. A rapid, eloquent talker, Stanton did most of the explaining. Keyboard player Murray Burns is more a dry interjector, Steve Gilpin's slightly hoarse and excitable singer's voice was momentarily preoccupied changing dripping stage clothes off his stocky singer's body; bone thin bass player Don Martin was busy with some clothes designers, and drummer Richard Hodgkinson melted away from the interview altogether.

'Nobody can see the background work we've done,' Kevin explains firmly. 'Say with The Angels, they can see seven years of progression from one concept to another, one band to another band to another band. Whereas with us we've done all our basic groundwork in New Zealand. The point is that we've done our groundwork for years individually and for a couple of years collectively. It's really not as fast as that - just because it's quick in Australia. So's The Knack in Australia, so's - anybody that's got their record, that looks the way they do, they're recognisable in the street or as personalities...it takes six or seven years to get anywhere together.'

Not that Mi-Sex have been together as such that long. It's agreed to be two years, 'rounding it off with different experiences,' adds Burns. But that time, with Mi-Sex, is not the same as two years for most bands. They all live together, 'in each other's pockets'. And how does that work out? Stanton again: 'Famously. We're like five brothers. We argue like brothers, we come back together like brothers. We lean on each other really heavily - personally, domestically, financially....' 'And musically!' Murray puts in. 'Most of all musically. We don't have a stereo in our house at all. We could have, but we listen to each other.'

'Steve and I write virtually all the lyrics,' says Stanton, 'except for a couple of things. Murray writes a lot of the basic themes. Don does most of the arranging; Richard, when he sits down to write a song, he writes the whole thing.'

The rest of the band seems to hve a protective attitude towards Don Martin. Shy, elusive, his enormous brown eyes tinged with an other-worldliness, Don is distinctive onstage, legs pumping, a floating/weaving plucking hand playing bass. His head nods ceaselessly in time; below his pristine white suit, he is barefoot. A mild query about this flirtation with death by electrocution brings forth what sounds like a set speech from Kevin Stanton: 'He's never worn shoes. I guess he really likes the feeling of not wearing shoes - he never wears them, not even when we're going out.' (Enter Don Martin, wearing thongs.) 'Except for thongs. He doesn't even *own* a pair of shoes... Honestly I've known Don for seven years and he's played in exactly that way as long as I've known him - in that dancing way.' According to other sources, Don's straight black hair used to be so long it brushed his bum; he played in a hippie band, wore kaftans and looked remarkably beautiful, in a rarefied, very gentle way.

Mi-Sex's use of the theatrics has calmed down since the days when they played with a noose dangling over the stage, complementing their repertoire of cover versions, which included the odd Alice Cooper grisly ditty. Now their much touted light show is a very well thought out sequence of sharp colours and occasional smoke effects, designed to emphasise the music through all important timing rather than drown it out in a murky, random swash of tired colour. A year back at the Civic, Mi-Sex could only afford a few blue and red spots, controlled by Kevin nippily pushing switches with his feet. Some people, Andrew McMillan for one, regret their new-found sophistication. 'I think we play *characters* now on stage,' says Stanton. 'Don's always played like that, I've always played the way I play, it's just the way I am. Nobody in the band has really calculated anything. It's compatible because it's all a little bit different from what anybody else is doing.'

At the moment, their audience would probably love it just as much if they came out in a kayak...

Mi-Sex are out of debt as of only two months ago. But that *completely* out of debt, a state most bands with a show the size of Mi-Sex's never reach. 'That's mainly through Don,' says Gilpin. 'He does the books. We're a very tight band - our personalities are very, very suited.'

Stanton adds: 'It's an unusual situation for an Australian band, in that we're not management controlled - at all. Our manager co-ordinates all our activities, but we control ourselves. We've got a little office in our house and that's where *every* decision is made.'

Mi-Sex take their meetings *very* seriously. 'We're a very *directional* band,' says Stanton firmly. 'That's not to say we've only got one direction, 'cause we've got lots of them, but we are very directional. If we write a song, we know within the first couple of days if it's going to be *anything*. We've written lots of songs that get completely by the way; we've got such diverse musical backgrounds, through virtually every spectrum of music you can think of. We can't pin our backgrounds down to any one thing...

'Our diversity shows in what we play. We *are* into theatrics - there's no use saying that we're not, we are,' he emphasises, conscious of the flack Mi-Sex have copped for not gettin' down and playin' hard with no extras. 'I'm right into theatrics, Don's right into theatrics, Steve uses theatrical expression, Murray's done some acting...' This last remark draws a dry laugh from Burns, who's unwilling to expand on his acting experiences.

Mi-Sex are an exception to the prevailing *get as smashed as you can before you play* syndrome. 'I think it's really the opposite with us,' says Burns. Stanton takes up his spokesman role again: 'We feel the quality of the show suffers if we get really smashed before we go on. I know I think to see a band - not hardly playing and falling on their knees 'cause they can't stand up or anything but leaping around; and I think 'well, sure, but they've got another 900 miles of that to go', and when will it finish? I don't like to see anybody get *tired* on stage.'

Yes, Mi-Sex have it all worked out; everything is done with their collective 20 eyes on the future. They have all the figures at their fingertips, the countries where *Graffiti Crimes* has been and will be released, and, after naming their international release locations, Steve Gilpin starts to illustrate the band's tightness with their record company, CBS. 'What'll happen now is France wants the album - later on we'll probably move to the States or visit the States. Already there's been talk of them (CBS) wanting us to rush over there and promote the album, but we want to sit tight in Australia.' How soon does Mi-Sex plan to follow the well-trodden path to the home of McDonald's and Handsome Dick Manitoba? 'Real soon,' says Gilpin decisively.

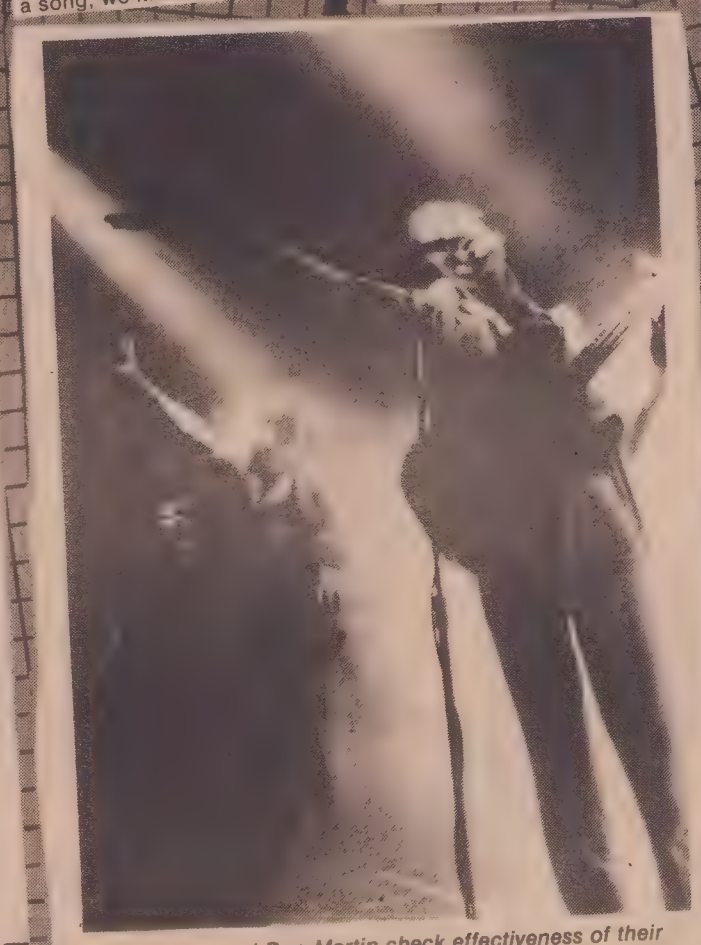
'This is going to be our home. This *is* our home - Austral...Austral*asia*. Australasia is where we wanna work, but we'd be like Little River Band I s'pose, record here and go over there, or come back here and live and record, and every now and then record elsewhere. But we've got studios here that are of as high a standard as anywhere. EMI's Studio 301 is as good as anywhere in the world.' Gilpin drops the earnest Mi-Sex realism for a moment. 'We'll go to the islands and just relax - eat some coconuts, eat some island girls...'

But only for that short moment. 'We've got almost all the material for the next LP. (Producer) Peter Dawkins wants us to go away and record a lot of demos.' Mi-Sex get on very well indeed with Dawkins, who seems to regard these dead keen, hard working, willing young men as his pet project. The relationship makes for speed and understanding in the studio, *Graffiti Crimes* was laid down in ten sessions, despite it being the band's first real encounter with a recording studio. 'As quick as The Knack - or quicker,' Gilpin crows.

Mi-Sex played those songs gig after gig, in practise, in their heads, until they were high gloss finished products just waiting to be embedded in vinyl.

Most people do 40 hours a week in a day job; we probably do 80 or 100 hours, more in really big weeks.' Stanton pauses for a beat before announcing something Mi-Sex have obviously agreed on very early in their career. 'We approach it like an occupation, a job, a profession and a career.'

'And it's a business,' Gilpin throws in. 'It's the lot - it's everything. It's fuckin' too much - it's a *stupid* game.' They all laugh. With their record company already tossing around terms like 'platinum' for their first album, international release and another single, *Computer Games*, soon to hit the airwaves, after which it will be packaged in with the *Graffiti Crimes* LP, Mi-Sex are not about to stop slogging at the game.



Steve Gilpin and Don Martin check effectiveness of their stay-dry deodorants. (pic Ian Greene).

NIGHT

STEVIE LANGE, CHRIS THOMPSON, ROBBIE McINTOSH, BILLY KRISTIAN
plus RICK MAROTTA and NICKY HOPKINS

Step into the light with a new band & a new album - produced by Richard Perry

GREG TAYLOR FEELS THE HEAT

Radiators' singer Brian Nichol demonstrates length of his equipment. Even bass player Geoff Turner looks shocked.

The minibus rumbling down the freeway past Sydney airport is dark and noisy. There are eight or nine shrouded figures talking and joking over the engine, the radio and each other. Suddenly a front passenger bends his head to the cracking speaker and grabs the volume knob, motioning the driver to pull over. As the motor dies the chorus jumps out and conversation ceases - 'Don't worry - it's alright/I'll be comin' home to see you tonight./Don't worry - it's okay/I'll be comin' home to see you todaiy....' They listen intently till the end, then cut the DJ in mid froth; for a moment nothing but the wind rattling the cyclone fence, then someone says: "Y'know what's even better is pulling up alongside someone when you haven't got the radio on, and they have, and suddenly the record comes on."

Cheap thrills in the back of the bus? The first time you hear your first record on the radio on the way to a gig, why not? not that the Radiators are a sentimental bunch or vainglorious in any way. If you say anything vaguely flattering, they look away, and if you suggest they could be on the verge of cracking it big, they shrug. But recently they broke an attendance record established by the Angels at one of Sydney's largest gigs (an achievement previously thought beyond anyone, bar Led Zeppelin or God) and that was after just one year of existence.

But though the band is new, its nucleus goes back years. Lead singer Brian Nichol and guitarist Stepehn 'Fess' Parker come from the Big Cheese - Bega, down on the NSW South Coast - played in a high school band, 'The Undecideds'.

They came to Sydney in '74 under the pretence of working for the PMG, but put most of their energy into a band called Big Swifty. Big Swifty was one of those Sydney bands like Cyril B Bunter, Wasted Daze or The Mangrove Boogie Kings that hang around for years, working hard but never breaking out of the small to medium local gigs.

After four years the rhythm section had settled with Geoff Turner on bass and Chris Tagg on drums, and they'd got themselves a manager, Chris' older brother John, who suggested they change the name. "It all happened quite suddenly," recalls Geoff. "We just went up the bush for about 10 days, and got a whole lot of new material together, and wrote this big list of possible names." (Strangely enough, the list included suggestions like 'The Aliens', 'The Numbers' and 'The Clones', all of which have subsequently emerged as new Sydney bands.)

"We went with Radiators 'cause it was the most dynamic, the most *active*," says Brian looking like activity is the last thing on his mind; he's draped like an empty raincoat in a low slung armchair, face haggard from the night before. "Who wants to be a fuckin' clone anyway?"

A small girl with a cheerful, grubby smile is hopping round the back garden. She waves at the enormous swimming pool next door: "We going have one when my daddy works guitar."

Fess, her father, shares a house in the posh suburb of Castlecrag with Chris and their tour manager, Roger Danne. The swimming pool may be further off than she can imagine (it's said John Tagg allows the boys new strings once a year), but the view is magnificent, and the house large and 'very well-appointed', as the real estate men say.

Fess is friendly but distracted as he tries to dissuade his daughter from walking over the cliff; Chris smiles and disappears. I sit eating strawberries and cream in the late afternoon sun with Roger. One by one the rest of the band - Geoff, Brian and keyboard player Brendan Callinan - drift in from their scattered homes. They lean in doorways, leafing through magazines, chatting the oblique, cryptic small-talk of people who spend most of their waking lives together.

In between bursts of telephoning, Roger runs over the thousand-and-one organisational details involved in getting five guys on to a distant stage at a precise time every night, in a positive and unhassled frame of mind, with all their gear working

No one seems in a hurry to do any formal interviewing. When we finally sit down it becomes clear that the Radiators are a bit dubious about speaking. Chris stares at the floor and says nothing throughout, and Geoff says straight up that they don't like talking about the band's past or background, especially the pre-Radiators days - "It's boring." They're suspicious of being quoted out of context, but gradually they forget about the tape recorder.

Not that any startling revelations, lurid tales, or radical philosophies are revealed. The Radiators' story is a simple one of hard work, building up one area of followers, then moving to another, gradually moving up the ladder of support gigs to moderate top-of-the-bills.

When they returned from the wilderness with a new name, short haircuts and the basis of a new repertoire inspired by English New Wave, their old audience slagged them for jumping on the punk bandwagon.

"We had to drop our money right back," says Geoff candidly. "Big Swifty used to pull about $500, and there we were, back doing $100-at-French's type gigs."

But they made up the ground within a few months; now they can gamble on taking the door, rather than a set fee. But they're still living pretty lean. Mostly they still tour in Fess' old Chevy, and at the end of the night I realise that none of them have had a drink and they're not abstainers.

"John Tagg's idea is to run it really tight," says Fess. "We really have to queue up to get a new speaker box, but it means we-re flexible, we're not tied down by debts or commitments. Say something came up, like a chance to go overseas - we'd be in a fairly good financial position.

The minibus pulls in behind the Sylvania Hotel. The band crowd into a motel room where already guitars are neatly stacked, make up pencils and teacups laid out.

"Chuck us me shirt...checked the impedance, remember it's in series...any tea left...look out ya prick...if it blows, just bring me up in the side fill...remember that check here last time with the....you're not wearing that, you grub...hold the end of the chorus till....five minutes, boys."

There's nearly a thousand people crushed together to catch Australian Crawl, Mi-Sex, and the Radiators, bellowing sardines from the moment the first chords crash out.

Fess has got rubber balls in his feet - he bounces all night in time to his thick, chunky guitar sound, dodging Brian, who stalks back and forth like a gaunt praying mantis. Geoff is right up front, revelling in two new bass bins, swaggering up to his mike; Brendan is almost hidden behind his stack of keyboards.

It's a long set, nearly an hour and a half, and the Radiators never pause. It's not *totally* frantic, the little keyboard/guitar licks are all clearly placed, the backing vocals are strong and tight; but there's the same relentless pulsing feel that Doc Neeson and the boys use to drive audiences berserk. (The night before, after the Radiator's set at a live-to-air concert, a dazed 2SM DJ told the world it had been listening to the Angels...)

But the mood of the songs, mostly written by Brian and Geoff, is less heavily dramatic, a bit more rough humoured with numbers like *Gimme Head*, *At Least I'm Tough*, and *Summer Holiday* (guaranteed to send Cliff Richard into a monastery).

They follow this last extravaganza with their only medium-to-slow number, the beautiful lilting *Hit and Run*: *'I met her on the campus at the university/You told me you were studying a science degree/Or was it Medicine...or Astronomy?/The only thing I know about is Anatomy...'*

It could be a real catchy single - "We spewed when Jo Jo Zep came out with the same title" - but at present they plan to establish their driving rock sound first. They'll be recording their first album up at the Music Farm in October for WEA...but meanwhile:

"Here's a song that takes us back to our teenage years...every Friday night down at Caringbah drive-in, screwing in the back of the old man's car...*I Wish That I Was Seventeen Again*." The last part of the show skilfully captures the elusive, delicate soul of rock'n'roll: *'I take drugs, I like sex, I like lying in bed looking at dirty pictures...'*, one perfectly placed smoke bomb, and a total shambles on on the dance floor. The Radiators are hot because they're into the same things as their audience, because they play good and have a serious 'Let's-make-this-work' organisation, because they write accessible modern songs.

Collapsed in a dressing room. "Geez, I'm going to have to get some Staminade...how about in summer we get some fans blowing on stage...what the fuck did you play in that number?...Y'know mate, I'm gettin' too old for this..." Their average age is 23.

Leaving the neatly stacked guitars for the road crew, but clutching the picnic box of teapot and cups, we file onto the minibus. No one talks on hour-long drive. The radio plays, but too soft to hear any hits.

Rock & Roll... girls... the gang...

All you need is a jacket, a comb and a good pair of fists.

"IT'S 'GREASE' WITH BRASS KNUCKLES" Newsweek

MAKE IT WITH THE GIRLS! HANGOUT WITH THE GUYS! FIGHT THE "BALDIES"

The Wanderers

HEAR THE ROCK & ROLL HITS OF THE 60s! "Runaround Sue", "Shout", "Walk Like a Man", and Dion's "The Wanderer" Soundtrack Album now available from WEA.

FILM FINANCE GROUP LTD. Presents
A MARTIN RANSOHOFF PRODUCTION • A PHILIP KAUFMAN FILM
Starring KEN WAHL • JOHN FRIEDRICH • KAREN ALLEN • TONI KALEM
Produced by MARTIN RANSOHOFF • Directed by PHILIP KAUFMAN A Roadshow Release

NOW SHOWING AT A VILLAGE CINEMA NEAR YOU.
CHECK DAILY PAPERS FOR SESSION DETAILS.

FROM THE NOW GOLD ALBUM
SCREAMING TARGETS
COMES

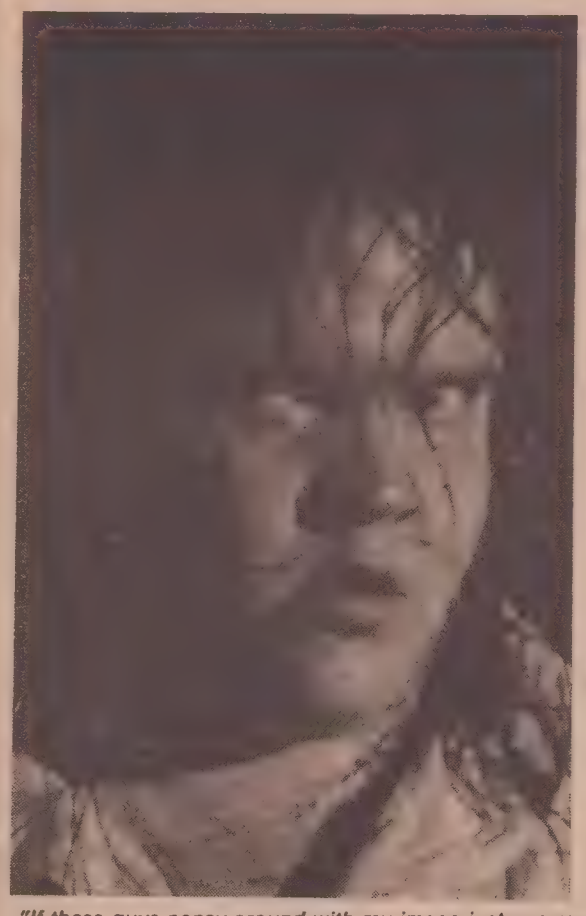
Shape I'm in

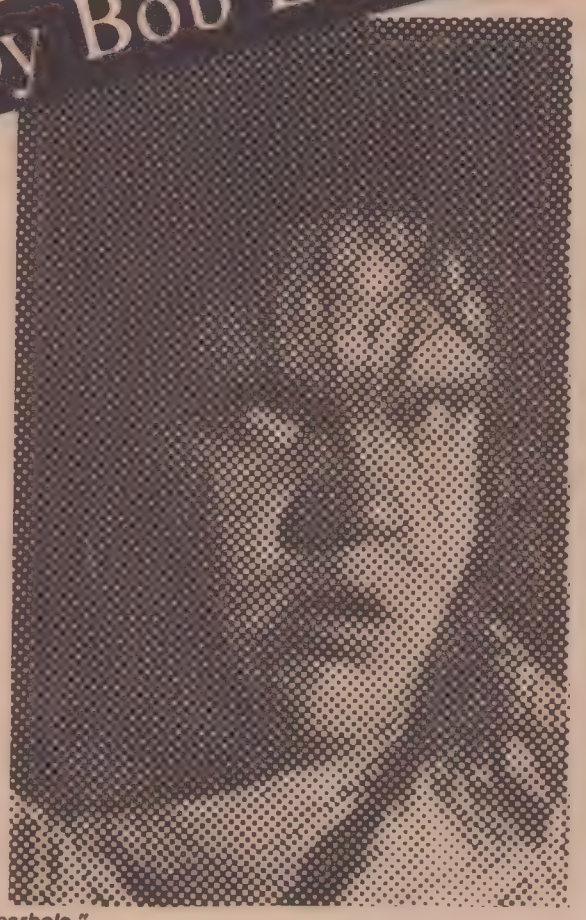
THE NEW
JO JO ZEP & THE FALCONS
Mushroom Australia's Rock Planet
MAXI SINGLE
K7665
Festival

* PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED RE-RECORDED VERSION OF SO YOUNG PRODUCED BY PETER SOLLEY.
PLUS
* AUSTRALIA'S FIRST REGGAE DUB MIX RELEASE OF SHAPE I'M IN
FIRST 5000 IN SPECIAL JACKET

MEATLOAF TURNS INTO ANGEL-FOOD OR, TO BE MORE EXACT, FAIRY FLOSS

by Bob Edmands





"If these guys pansy around with my image just one more time I'm gonna jump outa this page and sing 'Vivaldi' in their earhole."

It was the day I called Meat Loaf a fairy and lived to tell the tale.

There he was, testing the construction of the sofa in his room at London's Inter-Continental Hotel, ready with details of his new career in films.

Not only has he just made *Americathon* with Elvis Costello, but he's also poised to star in a futuristic version of *Peter Pan* called *Neverland*.

What's his role in it?

"I play the part of a character called Tink."

Called what?

"Tink. That's the equivalent of Tinkerbell."

In the original *Peter Pan*, Tinkerbell is of course a fairy. This posed a dilemma for the interviewer. Meat Loaf cultivates a reputation for giving journalists a hard time, and he's also proud of his machismo.

How can I possibly ask him if he's going to play a fairy? Easy. I just ask him.

"You're a fairy?" I ask.

There is a horrible silence. The room seems to spin gently on its axis.

Silly of me, really. I knew he was in a difficult mood. He'd complained of indigestion before the interview. Too many cow pies, no doubt. And now I've provoked him.

I attempt an appeasing grin and fail. The silence continues.

Suddenly there's a noise like an oil well blowing out. It is Mr Loaf laughing.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, ho, ho , ho," he rumbles. "Nobody's dared to say that to me before. A fairy! That's real good. It's okay. You're the first one that's ever hit back at me.

"Okay, you mother, I'll just break your tape recorder."

Meat Loaf seizes the cassette player that's been recording our conversation and waves it violently in the air. He relents and puts the recorder back on the table.

"Maybe I could have your arms broken instead," he says. "I've got some friends in Chicago."

"Yeah," comments an acolyte across the room. "Some friends, but no fans."

"I like it," says Mr Loaf. "Some friends, but no fans."

The oil well rumbles again.

Meat Loaf is currently between albums. The last one, *Bat Out Of Hell* is two years old. It turned him into a multi-platinum star because of the impassioned way in which he sang the literate, melodic songs of Jim Steinman.

The album's reputation was largely made on the strength of two epic songs, the title track and an item called *Paradise By The Dashboard Light*. *Paradise* was a witty, perceptive insight into sexual power politics, and its high quality was matched by the rest of the album. What was most impressive about it, though, was the way in which Meat Loaf music appealed to a whole range of audiences, from AOR music centre owners to heavy metal head bangers.

The next album has a hard act to follow.

"*I've* got a hard act to follow," says Meat Loaf. "But Jimmy's got his together. All the tunes are together, and they're even better this time round. Everybody will be looking to see whether we've got the answers to *Bat* and *Paradise*, and we have.

"The first thing we did was to keep well away from *Paradise*. Then all of a sudden it just came. It's called *Dance In My Pants*. I sing: *'I'm a lover, not a dancer/ Don't want to be on my feet when I can be on my back/Don't want to be on the floor when I can be in the sack/I'm a lover not a dancer'*.

"It's the heaviest rock'n'roll we've done really. It boogies. Just gets up and goes at it. Doesn't fuckin' fool around at all."

Work on the album began last January, and Mr Loaf expects it'll be out early next year. "We never said we were fast. We always said we were slow."

He reckons that it takes at least four months just to record the vocals. Why's that?

"Because you have to *sing* these songs. It's not just: *'Baby, baby, baby, I wanna take you down to Broadway and do it to ya, Momma.'* That ain't what's going down with us. You have to know these songs."

Meat Loaf's wife, Mrs Meat Loaf, who's sitting with us, says that Meat is a "method singer", meaning (presumably) that his approach to singing is the same as Brando's approach to acting.

"Jimmy directs me in the studio," says Meat. "We discuss what colour the girl's hair is that I'm singing about, how long we've known each other, what the situation really is. I have to live the part.

"I need to take a couple of trips to the mental institution. A few blows on the head with a hammer. You need to suffer to sing this sort of stuff. I have people beating me in the studio. Sing, you mother!

"I think the general consensus will be that the new album tops the old one. People won't be able to say we're some kind of fly-by-night organisation."

People never said that, did they?

"Listen boy," says Meat: "They is *always* trying to gun you down. They always got their guns out ready to shoot you down."

Not only does Meat Loaf use very aggressive language, but he also seems to have a violent approach to his work.

"Yeah, well, we live very violent lives. You're lucky. This is just a tame moment in my life. I have a tendency to rough up interviewers. If I make any quick moves, leave."

I ask Meat Loaf what sort of person Jim Steinman is to come up with such classy songs.

"Steinman spends a lot of time in the closet. He actually sleeps in the closet. The guy is a fuckin' Class-A fuckin' weirdo. Let me tell you. He is one of the weirdest muthahs you'll ever see in your whole life.

"I moved him into his apartment five years ago and the boxes are still on the floor where I left them. He has a family of cockroaches that eat with him. They have their own place settings.

"You know those white gloves he wears on stage? Well, he wears them all the time. He's sterile on the street, but not sterile at home. He's like - what's that guy's name - Howard Hughes, a Class-A nut. If you wanna know where those lyrics come from, they come from the closet."

On the cover of *Bat Out Of Hell* Jim Steinman gets a credit for the songwriting that's almost as big as the album title. Was that Meat Loaf's idea?

"Yes," he says. "I wanted it bigger. I wanted it to say *Meat Loaf and Jim Steinman*. But Jimmy's not going to tour with us in future. He'll just make the occasional appearance, and people will know that it's something special. When he does appear with us, he'll be like a little superstar coming out on stage. That'll be real nice."

Throughout the conversation, Meat Loaf has been playing with a couple of coffee cups, banging them together like castanets.

"Do you like these cups?" he says. "They're Concorde cups. They give ya them on Concorde. It's real china. Royal Doulton. They give you a set. My wife asked for two. Cute aren't they? You like them?"

Very nice, I say.

"You're crazy. But I like them, too. The great thing is that if you fly six times on Concorde, you get place settings for 12 people. Great, isn't it?"

Had you flown on Concorde before?

"This was the first time. Three hours and 20 minutes, and not really any jet-lag. Not like that regular old flight that lasts 97 hours. When you're on Concorde, you know, you're on the edge of space. You look out the window, you look up and it's dark. Down below, it's daylight, and you can see that the world is round."

It's no surprise, really, that Hollywood has latched onto Meat Loaf. Even without his music, he's a walking variety act.

In addition to the *Neverland* movie, he's being considered for the part of Bluto in Robert Altman's *Popeye*, with Robin Williams as Popeye. Also he'll be the central character in a film called *The Roadie*.

"It's the story of a guy called Travis W. Redfish. I play Travis Redfish, and Jagger and Tatum O'Neal are also in it.

"Travis Redfish is a guy from Texas who doesn't know why anybody bothers to play rock'n'roll since Buddy Holly died. Anyway, he gets a job as a roadie, and he drives this truck full of equipment all the way from Dallas to Austin. Without a clutch.

"It would be an impossible task for anyone except Travis W. Redfish. Travis W. Redfish is a chubby superman."

Does this description remind Meat Loaf of anyone?

He has no hesitation.

"*Me*," he says. "Me, of course."

Into the Music ...the brilliant new album from
VAN MORRISON
OUT NOW on LP & Cassette
from PolyGram
LP 6310 508
Cassette 7158 022
mercury
PP79/89

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME UP THE SCI-FI SILVER SCREEN ALLEY

by Harry Kolotas

Gil Gerard as Buck Rogers takes an All-American smile.

Lloyd Bridges lays down the law in Mission Galactica

Spacemen go critter-huntin' in outer space in Alien.

Richard Kiel (Jaws) protects the Amazon from Roger Moore.

wenty years ago theatre
ers were inundated with tall-
-the-saddle American
esterns, but these, like John
Vayne and good guys with
lack masks and silver bullets,
ave faded into the sunset in
he modern world, audiences
choose to roll their jaffas to
the sound of star-drive thrust
jets screaming to escape
gravitational grip or the shrill
whine of laser blasters at
maximum energy output
deepfrying battered star-
fighters. When it comes down
to it the current auditory and
visual oriented sci-fi movies
are not a total or revolutionary
departure from the westerns.
What is Chewbacca in *Star Wars*, for example, if not a reproduction in name and role of the western sidekick stereotype?

Question is, are these new wave sci-fi films worthy representatives of what, to many, is a hallowed genre? Influential sci-fi novelist and Hawkwind number one fan Michael Moorcock has strong words to say on this point. "*Star Wars* lacks the humour, the script, the invention, the plot dynamics and the genuine creativity displayed in the best *Dr. Who* stories," he says with vehemence and a touch of nervous tic in the facial muscles. "*Star Wars* loots a form, it is the biggest exploitation movie of them all." Moorcock exudes the deadly fanaticism of the sci-fi fan who has just seen his big love pack-raped by Hollywood moguls. And really, I have to go along with much of Moorcock's invective; *Star Wars* was not quality science fiction; rather it should be classified as romantic space fantasy, swashbuckling Errol Flynn melodrama set to a facile futurist backdrop. This is a far cry from the very best of cinematic sci-fi - Douglas Trumbull's *Silent Running* for example, which explored social issues and human development within a convincing context of credibility, or even the cult classic *Dark Star* which offered a sardonic glimpse of personality decay on a long space missions without taxing the realism that is the crux of effective and meaningful sci-fi.

And if the much touted *Star Wars* can be considered an expensive B grade production in terms of ideas and drama, how much does this criticism apply to legion of imitators it has spawned? Which brings us back to our launching pad in Silver Screen Alley, Australia, and a countdown of the post *Star Wars* space debris currently cluttering our theatre chains.

Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack

Directed by Vince Edwards. Starring Lorne Greene, Lloyd Bridges.

This made for TV production is actually the cannabalised sequence to its equally dire predecessor, *Battlestar Galactica*. The latter, debuting initially as a series, kamakazied spectacularly all over prime time American TV and won for itself undying fame as the most expensive belly flop in U.S. ratings history (one million bucks an episode). *Mission Galactica* incorporates all the faults of the series. The plot line is bad science fiction as any fan of the genre would immediately pick up, e.g. even a 12 year old sci-fi novice would know you extinguish a fire on board a space cruiser by simply sealing off the enflamed compartment, blowing the emergency portal and thus creating a flame-quenching vacuum. The silly duffers on the spaceship Galactica clamber out into space and begin blowing up sections of the ship with cavalier disregard for design structure in order to achieve desired vacuum effect. To compound the stupidity a couple of these futuristic boofheads stumble and almost float out into the void as they were not, incredibly, equipped with boring old magnetic shoes or directional jet packs (equipment that N.A.S.A. astronauts routinely possess today). Crude, messy and unrealistic. The acting is just as clumsy and the pretentiously laboured attempts at drama have the movie racing along with all the pace of a paraplegic snail on Jupiter's excessive gravity. The best actor kudos have to go to one-time drip Lloyd "wet suit" Bridges who turns in a competent job as a blood and guts Patton clone.

Buck Rogers In The 25th Century

Directed by Daniel Haller. Starring Gil Gerard, Pamela Hansley.

This is a pulp, populist film based on a pulp populist comic and if the director and writer has tried to make it anything else they would have been untrue to the spirit of Buck Rogers and his comic strip origins. These origins, incidentally, span some 40 years between 1929 and 1967 and the comic was translated into 18 languages and appeared in 450 newspapers. Prominent sci-fi writers like Ray Bradbury speak with reverence about the venerable Buck and his impact on a generation of sci-fi afficionados, so this film has much to live up to. Several elements of the old comic strip are reproduced in the movie (e.g. the evil Draconian Empire is modelled on a "yellow peril" Eastern stereotype and Wilma Deering is still a prissy, virginal W.A.S.P. of a leading lady). But generally the legend has been slicked up and jetted into the sleek, gimmicky atmospherics of the post *Star Wars* era. The film's other major stars are a couple of robots, Theo and Twiky, who could be dismissed as second-rate copies of Artoo Detoo and See Threepio. But we tend to overlook that robots with endearing all-too-human traits have always been a stock ingredient in the sci-fi movie genre long before George Lucas conceived of it. Consider Robbie the Robot in *Forbidden Planet*, the drones Huey, Duey and Luey in *Silent Running*, and the chatty detonation devices in *Dark Star*. Undoubtedly, however, *Buck Rogers* has absorbed some key elements of George Lucas's formula (the dog-fight combat sequences in space, for instance, are pure *Star Wars* in optical and miniature work). All in all, director Haller has concocted a highly derivative sci-fi movie which is nonetheless entertaining and sometimes amusing in its tongue in cheek approach.

Moonraker

Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Starring Roger Moore, Michael Lonsdale And A Bevy Of Buxom Babes.

Moonraker is exactly what you'd expect of the latter-day James Bond movies that features professional non-actor Roger Moore - superficial entertainment that occasionally stoops to burlesque as it gropes more and more for laughs rather than serious dramatic tension. The film's blatantly trite construction cheerfully attests to the fact that writer and director are aiming for skin-deep escapism; that's probably why this film grossed 45 million in four weeks in the U.S and has become the most popular Bond movie *ever* in Oz. What we have here is a self-confessed silly film which sells. As sci-fi the film isn't even in the running until the last 20 minutes of its length. At this point special effects photographer Derek Meddings (former credits - *Space 1999* and *Superman - The Movie*) brings his skills to bear and the result is some excellent sci-fi which doesn't overstep the bounds of realism. The key scenario involves a N.A.S.A. space shuttle which is launched against evil villain Drax and his orbital space station. There follows a riveting sequence in which the U.S. craft opens up and a platoon of U.S. astronauts jet out to do battle with Drax's own deploying troops. The confrontation that ensues is fought out with laser rifles and portable jet packs, a scene which is very much a visual actualisation of the futuristic warfare depicted by writer Robert Heinlein in his novel *Star Ship Troopers*. *Moonraker* has moved energetically beyond the *Star Wars* stereotype special effects, away from the garishly opulent American school of thrills and into the less spectacular yet more satisfyingly realistic British style of minutely detailed sci-fi visuals. (Championed most successfully by Gerry Anderson's productions, such as *Space 1999*.) For this reason we have the ironic situation of a James Bond pot-boiler contributing significantly to the annals of sci-fi movies.

The signs are that in the following months up to Christmas we are going to be inundated with even more sci-fi celluloid. First and foremost in terms of pre-release hype is *Alien*, which is currently playing to packed theatres in the U.S. and due for Australian release around Christmas. Produced by Walter Hill, the director of *The Warriors*, and written by Dan O'Brien who previously worked on *Dark Star*, the film promises to be a refreshing change of pace from the *Star Wars*-inspired mainstream. Thematically, *Alien* is a close cousin to the horror genre with a revolting space creature prowling around a space ship massacring the crew one by one while they try to figure out a way to get at the creature without endangering their own life support systems. Judging by *Alien*'s subtitle, *"You Can't Hear A Scream In Space"*, the film should be at least as good as a cardiac arrest. Another sci-fi major event will be the final unveiling of Paramount's long-awaited *Star Trek - The Motion Picture*, which premiers in the U.S. in December and should receive an Australian screening shortly after. Little is known about the film's plot as the cast and crew have been sworn to secrecy. Disney Studios have also entered the fashionable sci-fi stakes with a "serious" film entitled *The Black Hole* which, according to reliable sources, has nothing whatsoever to do with Mickey Mouse's orifices. The full talent of Disney's prodigious special effects photography department is behind this project, the largest ever undertaken by Disney Studios, and it is expected that the film will vie with *Star Wars* in visual excitement. Talking about the big S.W., its sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*, seems unlikely to make the predicted Christmas release due to production delays. So, if the U.S. is any guideline, the first *Star Wars* movie will be re-released around Christmas to keep our cosmic appetites whetted and Luke Skywalker's smiling pearly whites before the public eye. We can only hope the new productions offer us a few more complex thematic twists and strenuous leaps of the imagination in place of the current spate of space opera. Those visual sops of pretty laser tracer patterns firing to synchronised synthesiser sounds and atomic missiles erupting aesthetically all over the wide screen are getting a little tired. What this genre needs is some energetic low budget productions stressing ideas and acting rather than money and gimmicks.

3XY

IS THERE LIFE OS AFTER BEING BIG IN OZ?

(pic Kathleen O'Brien).

PAUL POWER WINS A BET ON BILLY THORPE IN L.A:

KROQ in LA, in particular, are pushing real hard on *Children Of The Sun* by "Australia's hottest rock guitarist, Billy Thorpe" (that's how the DJs here announce our Bill).

And Billy himself has gathered Gil Matthews (of the Aztecs) to play drums, bassist Leland Sklar with three male session backup singers, and May 23 at Studio S.I.R. on Sunset Boulevard for a special Capricorn Records/KROQ free gig.

It was a full house, but (as is the way with freebies) some people were cynical. "This guy better be good," said one very large Hells Angel type who is sitting behind me. (I moved to safer ground.) But generally, the response from the crowd, for me, was like going home. For the Australians like Brian Cadd there, it was like going to a football Grand Final barracking for your favourite team - very much a family event.

It's strange about Oz; a lot of Australians can't wait to pack up and leave, but once in a foreign country like the land of apple pie, they become the country's biggest patriots. Only tonight it was enhanced tenfold. For this wasn't a Sunbury concert full of old faithfuls. This was the U.S. of A. case of "you better kick ass boy, or forget it!"

Listening to all these LA rock fans talking about their favourite bands and mentioning that they only came to the Santa Monica Civic that night because they had won freebies from KROQ, and they hoped that they hadn't missed anything good on the tube that night, made me feel like defending *my* team. "Hey, listen mate, if you were back in Sydney and grew up with this guy's music, you'd be crying if you couldn't get tickets to see Thorpie!" And one of the *hip* young LA dudes said (with a mouth full of gum), "Ahhh shaddap asshole, you're fulla shit!" I wanted to rip into him right there and then! But our confrontation was met in the middle by a sensible fellow who suggested a wager would be the best way to settle this disagreement. "Listen buddy, why don't you put up $10 and my friend will do the same." I said "Sure, only let's make it $20 instead."

The next 15 minutes were agonising, as the boring intro tapes of *Children Of The Sun* seemed to go on and on. The crowd itself would shout out whenever a roadie came on stage. "Billy, Billy". Then the lights dimmed...Wham! Billy stood with guitar in hand. He smiled at the ground and nodded to bass player Sklar, who went into a bass solo. Then the lights shifted to Gil Matthews. Bil introduced him as an Australian. The concept album was played true to the record with longer solos from Bill, Gil and Sklar. Comments from the little girls near us were, "Oh, he's so cute!" "Yeah," said the other girl, "he's better looking than Shaun Cassidy. I bet he's only 22, not any older than 24!" Australians within hearing cracked up. The concept album part of the show finally finished and then came the rock'n'roll set I *really* wanted to hear.

I wanted to know if Billy had changed that much and whether I'd see any shades of the old Aztecs. Bill started out with Steve Miller's *Gangster Of Love* and you could hear the women in the audience scream Then Bill did some Allman Brothers tunes, some scat jazz and revamped '50s blues standards. All of this was impressive. I noticed the fellow I nearly bounced was getting into it...reluctantly.

Billy stopped, paused a moment, then said, "I'll finish with a number I used to do back in Australia. So you can join in too..." And he does...*Oop Oop Pah Doo*. Man, the place damn near broke out into a riot. People were standing on their seats, dancing in the aisles. I went over to my antagonists and said, "pay up," with a grin on my face like the entrance to Luna Park. I collected my $40, slapped that sucker on the back and said: "Can he kick ass or what?"

NIGEL BURNHAM IS TOTALLY BEMUSED BY DUFFO IN LONDON:

Cling-wrapped Australian expatriate Duffo (formerly Geoff Duff and "resident clown" with Oz band Kush) arrived in the U.K. last November, and he's been the laughing stock of the British rock cogniscenti ever since - his run-of-the-mill punk, rising ties and exploding cigarettes cutting absolutely no ice with a public recently re-educated to know what it likes.

Signed to the WEA-distributed independent Beggar's Banquet (the label currently high on their success with Gary Numan/Tubeway Army), he is being prepared for contention nevertheless and is in any case happy enough to be residing in London. Alienated from Oz, Duffo refers to Australia as "the other country", to himself as "a walking contradiction", and makes feeble jokes about how he crashes BBC's Shepherd's Bush headquarters to outrage the top brass with his violin-oriented treatments of old Oz chestnuts like *Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport*.

Talking, thinking and living far too laterally for his own good, he comes over as the archetypal sad case, full of problems (mostly biological) and unable to turn them to his advantage. (Talent would help). Thinking little beyond fixing his pointed ears and debuting his next dumb gimmick, he still reckons his heart (at least) is in the right place. He spills his A.O.R. (Adult Oriented Rock and/or All Over the Road) update to an incredulous Pom.

Duffo: "In the eight or nine months that I've been here, I've lived a life-time. I've been hospitalised twice, I've signed a recording contract and been arrested the day I signed it. I've been taken to court and found guilty of insulting behaviour. People tried to kill me at Midem in France - they spiked my coffee with angel dust - and I was beaten up by skinheads before that. They said I looked like a clown."

You don't think you do?

Duffo: "I'm Duffo and I'm normal and I look a little bit informal. The B side of the new single - *I'm A Genius* - is all about me. Duffo's so together, he never ever says 'ever'. I'm a contradiction to the rule."

You've had some unfavourable press reaction since you arrived?

Duffo: "It's been great. It's been fantastic because it's been the worst. My publicist Tony Brainsby (*Tony also PRs Paul McCartney*), says he's never known an artiste to receive so much bad publicity in such a short time."

It's not selling your records though, is it?

Duffo: "No, but it will. Because I'm an entertainer, I'm not just a fly-by-night. Like, I've been through all the traps, and I know what it's all about. I've got longevity. I'm going to be on the stage until the day I die."

But nobody takes you seriously.

Duffo: "No, but that's because England's the way it is. I mean, they're not used to people smiling. I mean, I walk around the streets with make-up and stuff - rising ties and exploding cigarettes - and people just aren't into smiling. I'm going to slaughter them in Germany. I'm going to put the band in Hitler masks..."

His album, released here in March, was reviewed by *Sounds* thus: "AC/DC, Split Enz and Skyhooks have been diverse and enjoyable bands, but none of this is any excuse for sending us Duffo. His songs are splatterings of thin ideas which he fails to develop any further than the title line. Just another basic Bruce stereotype."

Duffo: "Yeah, well I think that's funny. I think that's an ignorant statement by an ignorant man, and being in my position, you can't take that kind of thing to heart. I mean, I learned a lot in the other country and I know enough about this one to know that if a music paper gives an anti-Australian an Australian album to review, it's going to get panned. And if you give an ignorant person without a sense of humour a Duffo album to review, then they're going to hate it. It started getting bad in the first place because people didn't believe I was real. They thought I was a contrived media personality, and I'm not. I mean, when I was with Kush, those were the best musicians in the country - a 10 piece jazz-rock band - and now I've got the best again. Like Dave Bell, the guitarist from Procul Harum."

Do you know how many copies of the album has sold to date?

Duffo: "No, look, I'm not into figures. That's irrelevent. They say it's selling steadily, but there's been no big push. Figures are meaningless. There will be a reaction after a while, I just have to annoy a few more people over here."

On 'Let Me Fuck Your Mind', you say: "I can't fuck men, I can't fuck women". Do you have sex hang-ups?

Duffo: "The good thing about that is that I don't have any sexual hang-ups because I'm just asexual. I just don't participate in sex whatsoever. I can't. I physically can't because nothing arouses me, male or female. I'm just not into it. And I think that's incredible. I mean, being a eunuch is no handicap because I see all these people around me with hang-ups, and most of them are sexual. That's where all the brain-fucking is really - the sexual thing. So, *Let Me Fuck Your Mind* - that's the only way I can screw people, by screwing their minds."

So the only relationships you have are platonic ones, with friends?

Duffo: "I haven't got any friends. I write to one person in the other country, and that's my mother...and my father. Like, the day I left, they thought: 'Now who're we going to get to say good-bye to Duffo?' And they were crying because they couldn't think of anybody. I ended up having a cup of tea with Mum and Dad, and that was it. I mean, they really don't think there's any talent in Australia until you leave and prove yourself over here or in America. And I'm really going to show them, you know. I'm really confident."

You write a lot of songs about madness. Do you think you are mad?

Duffo: "No, I know I'm sane. But I also like to think that I'm sitting on the fence...between genius and insanity. I like to feel I can fall either way. You know, a lot of people are really scared thinking about madness, and questioning themselves. I think it's a really funny subject, and that's why I write about it a lot. I mean, each particular song is a spoof...about madness, or sex, whatever. *Duff Odyssey* is a send-up of all the space songs, but some people don't give you credit."

You're going to be here for a while?

Duffo: "I have no plans to go back. Only to see my mother. I'd love to go back and do a tour. But only on my terms, because they screw a lot of acts. I know a lot of acts here that they screw, and I don't want that to happen to me. I mean, I consider that if it's worth doing anything, going anywhere, it's worth destroying the place. That's what I have in mind for Munich...with the Hitler masks! As for Australia, what I call 'the other country', I have a bit of a chip, because I don't think I got given a fair go. I want to try to slip away from the place as long as I can. It never did much for me. Right now, all I want to do is get on *Top Of The Pops* - without having to get into bed with someone who'll say, 'Fuck me, and you can do the show'. Although I probably would, if it'd help me. I live my career 24 hours a day..."

CHARTZ

OZ SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	MY SHARONA	The Knack
2	(3)	I WAS MADE FOR LOVIN' YOU	Kiss
3	(2)	UP THERE CAZALY	The Two-Man Band
4	(4)	SOME GIRLS	Racey
5	(6)	GOLD	John Stewart
6	(7)	YOU CAN'T CHANGE THAT	Raydio
7	(15)	•HOT SUMMER NIGHTS	Night
8	(5)	RING MY BELL	Anita Ward
9	(9)	REUNITED	Peaches & Herb
10	(13)	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	Electric Light Orchestra
11	(16)	•BORN TO BE ALIVE	Patrick Hernandez
12	(8)	COOL FOR CATS	UK Squeeze
13	(10)	ONE WAY TICKET	Eruption
14	(12)	HIT AND RUN	Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons
15	(18)	BAD CASE OF LOVIN' YOU	Robert Palmer
16	(14)	BRIGHT EYES	Art Garfunkel
17	(22)	•JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST	Randy Vanwarmer
18	(11)	POP MUZIK	M
19	(20)	WE ARE FAMILY	Sister Sledge
20	(21)	THE NIPS ARE GETTING BIGGER	Mental As Anything
21	(23)	IF I SAID YOU HAD A BEAUTIFUL BODY WOULD YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME	Bellamy Brothers
22	(24)	NICE LEGS, SHAME ABOUT THE FACE	Dave And The Derros
23	(36)	•WE DON'T TALK ANYMORE	Cliff Richard
24	(19)	LIGHT MY FIRE	Amii Stewart
25	( )	•I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS	The Boomtown Rats
26	(35)	•LET'S GO	The Cars
27	(37)	•HALFWAY HOTEL	Voyager
28	(—)	•THE MAIN EVENT/FIGHT	Barbra Streisand
29	(28)	BUT YOU DON'T CARE	Mi-Sex
30	(17)	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
31	(—)	•ARE 'FRIENDS' ELECTRIC?	Tubeway Army
32	(25)	HELLO, THIS IS JOANNIE	Paul Evans
33	(29)	SHOOTING STAR	Dollar
34	(34)	YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE	Dolly Parton
35	(33)	MIAMI	John Cougar
36	(27)	HOT STUFF	Donna Summer
37	(31)	LONESOME LOSER	Little River Band
38	(39)	SHE BELIEVES IN ME	Kenny Rogers
39	(—)	I WANNA MAKE IT WITH YOU TONIGHT	Monalisa and Terry Young
40	(32)	IS SHE REALLY GOING OUT WITH HIM?	Joe Jackson

Kent Music Report

OZ ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	GET THE KNACK	The Knack
2	(1)	DISCOVERY	Electric Light Orchestra
3	(18)	•SLOW TRAIN COMING	Bob Dylan
4	(3)	IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	Led Zeppelin
5	(5)	DYNASTY	Kiss
6	(9)	5	J.J. Cale
7	(4)	FIRST UNDER THE WIRE	Little River Band
8	(6)	ENGLISH HISTORY	Jon English
9	(8)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
10	(7)	THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer
11	(10)	BOMBS AWAY DREAM BABIES	John Stewart
12	(12)	RUST NEVER SLEEPS	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
13	(13)	FATE FOR BREAKFAST	Art Garfunkel
14	(11)	BACK TO THE EGG	Wings
15	(14)	NO EXIT	The Angels
16	(24)	•BOP TILL YOU DROP	Ry Cooder
17	(20)	CANDY-O	The Cars
18	(16)	SCREAMING TARGETS	Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons
19	(15)	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
20	(17)	GRAFFITI CRIMES	Mi-Sex
21	(23)	NIGHT	Night
22	(21)	I AM	Earth Wind & Fire
23	(22)	THE BOB SEGER COLLECTION	Bob Seger
24	(19)	COOL FOR CATS	UK Squeeze
25	(29)	REPLICAS	Tubeway Army
26	(28)	THE ROUSSOS PHENOMENON	Demis Roussos
27	(25)	NIGHT OWL	Gerry Rafferty
28	(33)	DOWN TO EARTH	Rainbow
29	(26)	SECRETS	Robert Palmer
30	(—)	•EVE	The Alan Parsons Project
31	(—)	•STEPPIN' OUT	Joan Armatrading
32	(30)	COMMUNIQUE	Dire Straits
33	(31)	VOULEZ-VOUS	Abba
34	(27)	RICKIE LEE JONES	Rickie Lee Jones
35	(—)	•UNDERDOG	Atlanta Rhythm Section
36	(35)	LOOK SHARP	Joe Jackson
37	(36)	FACE TO FACE	The Angels
38	(40)	THE B-52'S	The B-52's
39	(39)	FEAR OF MUSIC	Talking Heads
40	(—)	HALFWAY HOTEL	Voyager

Kent Music Report

U.K. SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	CARS	Gary Numan
2	(1)	WE DON'T TALK ANYMORE	Cliff Richard
3	(9)	•DON'T BRING ME DOWN	Electric Light Orchestra
4	(5)	STREET LIFE	Crusaders
5	(10)	•IF I SAID YOU HAD A BEAUTIFUL	Bellamy Bros.
6	(3)	BANG BANG	B.A. Robertson
7	(12)	•LOVE'S GOTTA HOLD ON ME	Dollar
8	(6)	ANGEL EYES	Roxy Music
9	(7)	JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST	Randy Vanwarmer
10	(4)	MONEY	Flying Lizards
11	(11)	GOTTA GO HOME	Boney M
12	(22)	•REGGAE FOR IT NOW	Bill Lovelady
13	(18)	•STRUT YOUR FUNKY STUFF	Frantique
14	(8)	GANGSTERS	Specials
15	(19)	LOST IN MUSIC	Sister Sledge
16	(13)	DUCHESS	Stranglers
17	(23)	•SAIL ON	Commodores
18	(14)	CRUEL TO BE KIND	Nick Lowe
19	(14)	GONE GONE GONE	Johnny Mathis
20	(15)	OOH WHAT A LIFE	Gibson Brothers
21	(—)	•LIVE ON STAGE (EP)	Kate Bush
22	( )	•THE PRINCE	Madness
23	(27)	TIME FOR ACTION	Secret Affair
24	(—)	•MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE	Police
25	(30)	•BOY OH BOY	Racey
26	( )	SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE	Rainbow
27	(—)	TOMORROW'S GIRL	UK Subs
28	( )	DON'T STOP TIL YOU GET ENOUGH	Michael Jackson
29	(17)	AFTER THE LOVE HAS GONE	Earth Wind & Fire
30	(—)	SLAP AND TICKLE	Squeeze

U.K. ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	DISCOVERY	ELO
2	(4)	IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	Led Zeppelin
3	(2)	SLOW TRAIN COMING	Bob Dylan
4	(17)	•ROCK'N'ROLL JUVENILE	Cliff Richard
5	(3)	I AM	Earth Wind & Fire
5	(9)	STREET LIFE	Crusaders
7	(8)	BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	Various
8	(7)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
9	(19)	•PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	Gary Numan
10	(24)	•STRING OF HITS	Shadows
11	(5)	VOULEZ VOUS	Abba
12	(11)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie
13	(18)	•MIDNIGHT MAGIC	Commodores
14	(13)	OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	Police
15	(20)	•NIGHT OWL	Gerry Rafferty
16	(6)	REPLICAS	Tubeway Army
17	( )	•MANILOW MAGIC	Barry Manilow
18	(—)	•OCEANS OF FANTASY	Boney M
19	(16)	MORNING DANCE	Spyro Gyra
20	(10)	DOWN TO EARTH	Rainbow
21	(25)	BRIDGES	John Williams
22	(14)	SOME PRODUCT	Sex Pistols
23	(29)	•INTO THE MUSIC	Van Morrison
24	(21)	HIGHWAY TO HELL	AC/DC
25	(—)	•EDDIE COCHRAN SINGLES ALBUM	Eddie Cochran
26	(13)	THE BEST OF THE DOOLEYS	
27	(—)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne
28	(23)	WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	Judy Tzuke
29	(27)	LIVE KILLERS	Queen
30	(12)	MANIFESTO	Roxy Music

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	MY SHARONA	The Knack
2	(4)	SAD EYES	Robert John
3	(2)	GOOD TIMES	Chic
4	(6)	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	Electric Light Orchestra
5	(10)	•SAIL ON	Commodores
6	(8)	I'LL NEVER LOVE THIS WAY AGAIN	Dionne Warwick
7	(5)	LEAD ME ON	Maxine Nightingale
8	(9)	LONESOME LOSER	Little River Band
9	(14)	•DON'T STOP TIL YOU GET ENOUGH	Michael Jackson
10	(12)	A BAD CASE OF LOVING YOU	Robert Palmer
11	(13)	POP MUZIK	M
12	(3)	AFTER THE LOVE IS GONE	Earth Wind & Fire
13	(15)	HEAVEN MUST HAVE SENT YOU	Bonnie Pointer
14	(18)	RISE	Herb Alpert
15	(7)	THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA	Charlie Daniels Band
16	(11)	THE MAIN EVENT/FIGHT	Barbra Streisand
17	(21)	DRIVER'S SEAT	Sniff'n'Tears
18	(16)	GOODBYE STRANGER	Supertramp
19	(22)	BORN TO BE ALIVE	Patrick Hernandez
20	(17)	LET'S GO	The Cars
21	(25)	CRUEL TO BE KIND	Nick Lowe
22	(19)	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
23	(20)	MAMA CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE	Elton John
24	( )	•SPOOKY	Atlanta Rhythm Section
25	(30)	•LOVIN',TOUCHIN', SQUEEZIN'	Journey
26	(28)	THE BOSS	Diana Ross
27	(27)	I DO LOVE YOU	GQ
28	(—)	DIM ALL THE LIGHTS	Donna Summer
29	( )	GET IT RIGHT NEXT TIME	Gerry Rafferty
30	( )	WHERE WERE YOU	Logo

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	Led Zeppelin
2	(2)	GET THE KNACK	The Knack
3	(3)	CANDY-O	The Cars
4	(4)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
5	(5)	MIDNIGHT MAGIC	Commodores
6	(6)	RISQUE	Chic
7	(8)	OFF THE WALL	Michael Jackson
8	(7)	DISCOVERY	ELO
9	(9)	I AM	Earth Wind & Fire
10	(10)	FIRST UNDER THE WIRE	Little River Band
11	(14)	SLOW TRAIN COMING	Bob Dylan
12	(12)	RUST NEVER SLEEPS	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
13	(11)	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
14	(16)	DIONNE	Dionne Warwick
15	(13)	MILLION MILE REFLECTION	Charlie Daniels Band
16	(17)	STAY FREE	Ashford & Simpson
17	(15)	CHEAP TRICK AT THE BUDOKAN	
18	(18)	TEDDY	Teddy Pendergrass
19	(19)	THE BOSS	Diana Ross
20	(20)	SECRETS	Robert Palmer
21	(21)	REALITY-WHAT A CONCEPT	Robin Williams
22	(23)	WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH MY LOVIN'	Stephanie Mills
23	(24)	STREET LIFE	Crusaders
24	(25)	13	Chicago
25	(22)	LOW BUDGET	The Kinks
26	(26)	THE CARS	
27	(27)	RICKIE LEE JONES	
28	(—)	LABOUR OF LUST	Nick Lowe
29	(29)	A NIGHT AT STUDIO 54	Various Artists
30	(—)	EVOLUTION	Journey

(pic Paul Canty)

VINYL SING

Introducing - The Blondie Big Mac!

BLONDIE
Eat To The Beat (Chrysalis)

She should have been a princess imprisoned in ice, banished into outer space by some Darth Vader, no communication but the occasional sound missive dispatched via vacuum packed capsule. Remote, plaintive, somehow coldly victorious, night after night telescopes would be trained to the stars to catch a glimpse of her frozen smile.

Instead she wore overcoats and knee pads and skidded all over the stage, fragile vocals shredded by instrumental amplification she couldn't rise above. And sordid tales of a past life as a junkie and Max's Kansas City groupie were bandied about in the rock press. (Being found out to be human is one thing, discovered being cheap is something else.)

Some said she was lightweight pop. Some said she was art. Others said she's the only the singer, let's talk about the group. But in the end, after two fervently appreciated cult albums in came expatriate Australian producer Mike Chapman, and out came *Parallel Lines* and after a wait of many, many months ('just another cult album from a New York cult band') out came *Heart Of Glass* and finally, the whole wide world discovered Blondie. Which leads us to *Eat To The Beat* the fourth album but also the follow up to a wildly succesful album and everyone knows the rock press are gonna slaughter 'em. For in rock, any sin is forgiveable except that of a cult band turning around and selling platinum.

But it won't happen here folks. Not from the man who gave Debbie Harry a timid peck on the cheek in Sydney in 1977 and didn't wash his face for a week after.

The fact is, Blondie *are* wonderful. They make albums with intelligence, humour, dripping with lashings of melody, pieced together with conciseness. Their best songs are shimmering jewels of cold fire. True, their albums, strangely; lack the usual definitive pop trademarks of (even) stimulated emotion (The Beatles) or warmth (The Mamas And The Papas). And when it comes right down to it, they've yet to produce a totally convincing hard rocker (the title track is one of the album's few comparative failures). Their true fortes are middle-paced numbers with room for melodically arranged guitar keyboard and bass lines, and tremulous lumescent ballads. Best of all are the ballads where lovers meet and part against backgrounds of preternatural electricity.

Debbie Harry and boyfriend guitarist Chris Stein, as befits a couple who make such remotely compelling music, are steeped in theories of the supernatural and preternatural, not to mention plain ol' sci-fi. here these interests are explored in the subtle resonances of *Shayla*, the swirling churning backbeat and sombre vocals of *Accidents Never Happen* and the whiteman reggae of *Die Young Stay Pretty*.

Slow Motion is an effortlessly delightful, beautifully arranged dance song that features Debbie's voice so well it seems improbable anyone, except Lene Lovich, could ever better the effect. *Atomic* is built around the same sort of pop-disco beat that made *Heart Of Glass* a monster - mechanical synthesiser shimmerings, a short vibrant bass guitar solo and Debbie soaring on the lyrics like some siren on a haze encased seashore.

Other songs; *Victor*, a screaming psycho-drama and probably the group's best ever hard-rock effort. *Living In The Real World* that's maybe about being trapped by fame, but never believe such angst. They all *love* being famous. And if they can keep coming up with gems like the translucent soft beauty of the lullaby *Sound A-Sleep*, or the brittle edged shine of *Dreaming*, they deserve every measure of glory they get.

Anthony O'Grady

Oz album previews

DRAGON
Power Play (CBS)

Back in March this year when Marc Hunter split from the band, the new policy was defined as a move out of the pop vein towards a fuller, more adult approach, the sound tougher, more like the live performances. The dis-satisfaction with the "pop star" treadmill was obvious and the desire was for some kind of *musical* credibility.

And now we have before us the new album from Dragon (Mark III or is it IV, according to Todd?) We know it's going to be drastically different from the last few albums (wise of CBS to cash in with a *Best Of* so quickly!) - Robert Taylor has already told us *this time* there will *be no* compromises. It's a classic piece of what AO'G calls Dragon Edgework - the tendency for the band to work consistently *against* audience expectations.

This time, though, they are playing for keeps. The questions come thick and fast - can they cut it without the unifying presence of Marc? Are six musical Dragons better than four Dragons and a superb pop frontman? Is "No Image" (to quote Billy Roger's shades) better than "pop image"?

I mean, the album isn't called *Power Play* for nothing! Even CBS has understood the urgency of the situation with their rather daunting catch-phrase to promote the band as "Dragon - the band that *politely* refuses to die." (Rather coy, that "politely"!)

Okay, down to the album itself - there are some good ideas, some great playing and a couple of very fine moments, but all together the album doesn't really go anywhere. The band obviously want it to be approached at a musical level and at that level they are breaking no new ground. But there is a potentially excellent band there now that the ground work is laid.

The whole point is that this Dragon is a new band, with no real relation to the previous incarnation and as such, it is legitimate to approach this as a debut album. And a fault of a lot of debut albums is the lack of a really coherent direction. (In other words, too many styles to pin down what the band is really about.)

Side one opens with one of the Todd Hunter/Jenny Hunter-Brown collaborations, *Motor City Connections*, and immediately you're aware of a fuller, more driving sound, with some clever use of synthesiser to underpin the bridge passages. Only, the bridge sounds a lot like the riff in *Politics*. There is no real push or conviction in the vocals and the lyrics seem soft. It's not the best opener for an album.

Counting Sheep follows, the Hewson/Rogers song lifted as the single. There's a good, beefy bass line and a vocal that sounds like Glenn Shorrock meets rock'n'roll a la Jo Jo Zep with a Dragon chorus line. There's a classy brass line, the song is well constructed.

And so it goes. Robert Taylor's *Bus Stop* is a cross between Skyhoooks riffing and *Bopping The Blues* Black-feather, without the conviction (nice piano solo from Hewson), Hewson's *Crooked Highway* is about a paranoiac killer who can't get no fun and feels like dying.

The problem is there *is* some great playing on the album, especially Taylor on slide guitar. The violin work from Richard Lee is always good but it doesn't always fit. Billy blows up a storm on sax and can play some really feeling gob-iron (harmonica). And Hewson shows he can play some very tasty piano licks.

The instrumental side of things really gets a boost on the best tracks *Time Of The Year* from Hewson and Rogers, that takes out side one, where the band really loosens up and the joy of just playing music actually comes across on the vinyl, while the instrumental *Gans en Farben* shows the band's capabilities for tight arrangement and under-standing of dynamics.

It just isn't all there yet, especially lyrically. There is none of the sardonic tongue-in-cheek world view of the old band. The new sound is thicker, more cumbersome and tends to steamroller any subtleties, making the lyric lines a little inane.

There are none of the jagged images, the startling phrases. There's nothing in the mould of the old, past hits. How many people are going to think about the fact that, in reality, this Dragon is a *totally* new band and, as such, are really only just beginning to define themselves.

Michael Smith

RUSSELL MORRIS BAND
One Foot In The Door (Festival)

With studio time booked for their debut album and no producer on the horizon, the Russell Morris Band enlisted the aid of American Ralph Moss, in Australia to produce Mother Goose's latest album. Moss had some impressive credentials to commend him, including production credits on Lou Reed's *Rock'n'Roll Animal* album.

They recorded intensively for two weeks, but when the finished product was unveiled it became obvious that a large rift existed between Moss' and the band's idea of what the Russell Morris Band was about. The musicians raced back to the studio and remixed the album themselves.

The result is dull and without identity. Gone are the 'walls of harmonies and echoes' that Moss had used extensively. ("It was a little too Phil Spector for us.")

Two tracks by UK producer Peter Solley (Sports, Jo Jo Zep) included on *One Foot In The Door* are far more indicative of what a combination of strong songs, talented musicians and a creative producer can cook up.

The Solley-produced single, *Hot Love* which opens up the album, is an immensely likeable song, featuring a splintering sax solo by Jo Camilleri (James Black's sax is also featured on several other tracks, but not with the same emotive results), and vocal harmonies by session people Wendy Stapleton, Linda George and others.

Love Stealer, the other Solley track, a gutsy number with bass drum resonating throughout , is the rockiest tune on the album.

Morris, who wrote all the tracks, is a talented composer writing in a style that pre-dates The Eagles. Simple, personal feelings and thoughts are presented in laid back rockers, melodic and pretty with easily discernible lyrics, folksy piano and guitar and gentle harmonies.

They move at a walking pace, sometimes breaking into an easy lope.

Moss has managed to catch a good, raw drum sound and the sweet, rusty tones of Morris' voice, but unfortunately the music comes over in a pastel wash, with nothing standing out clearly on all the tracks he's produced. Songs threaten to break into life, but never quite make it.

One Foot In The Door is a promising album, with some excellent songs, but suffers from mismatching of production ideas.

Miranda Brown

THE EAGLES
The Long Run (Asylum)

The Eagles probably couldn't put out a thorougly bad album, even if they never spoke to each other during the entire studio sessions. In the end, class tells and for all their affected stance of desperados, these boulevarde cowboys are the right stuff. A killer sense of pop dynamics, the ability to command freeway rock (fast and smoooooth, not grind and grunt), complete mastery of the ballad form. In the end, it didn't even matter if you approved or not, you could *always* remember the melody after one or two exposures. On that basis they didn't need your love, they had your attention. And while they had it, they came up with *the* definitive ballads (*Best Of My Love, Lyin' Eyes*). The previous LP, *Hotel California*, was a masterly summation of everything they could do very well and the few things they did better than everyone else.

But on *The Long Run* (over two years later) while attempting what seems a thematic summation of the decade they barely hold their own ground. By no means disgraceful, it's no way a gem. It's an all too brief album (well under 20 mins per side) padded with filler songs that resort to re-cycling member Joe Walsh's *In The City* solo theme for *The Warriors* film and blatantly lifts the Beatles *Birthday* on *The Greeks Don't Want No Freaks.* There's also a regulation slower than molasses ballad, this time *I Can't Tell You Why* sung by bass player Tim Schmit. A *One Of These Nights* it's not. And any relation to the glories of a *Take It To The Limits* is purely imaginary. *Heartache Tonight* is about as rock'n'roll as *The Long Run* gets but, in relation to the former standards, it's a

routine plodder.

On the other hand, what's left of the album is class stuff. *Those Shoes* is the sort of brooding moody thumper the group have had a stranglehold on ever since Joe Walsh joined. *The Disco Strangler* is wonderfully taut and wry, a powerhouse stream-of-invective vocal from Don Henley and a ringing sinisteroso riff. *King Of Hollywood* is rumoured to be about *Grease* producer Allan Carr. It's a lush, moody piece. Lyrically, it's just another sordid mogul story, but there are twin-barrelled powerful solos from Glenn Frey and Joe Walsh. *Teenage Jail* is the song The Runaways never had the class to come up with. Heavy metal riffs and criss-crossed vocal effects pounding and screaming like a slow motion nightmare.

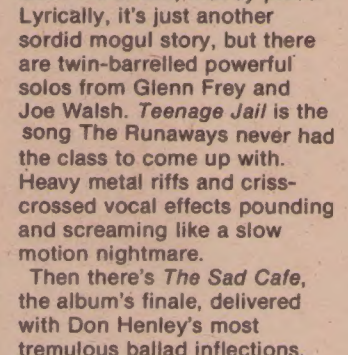
Then there's *The Sad Cafe*, the album's finale, delivered with Don Henley's most tremulous ballad inflections. Like *Hotel California*, it's an allegorical tale of a generation's survivors sitting around remembering the glorious intentions that used to be. Within the context of the album it links with the title track, *In The City, Those Shoes* and *Teenage Jail* as a thematic summation of the '70s, that era of pain, isolation, acceptable corruption and ideological barrenness.

Suitably, the album cover is solid black and the inside cover photo depicts the group captured in sombre gloom.

The Long Run is a requiem for the '70s. Unfortunately the era of sterility The Eagles bemoan now seems to have afflicted the group as well.

Anthony O'Grady

Heavy metal's last stand?



TED NUGENT State of Shock (CBS)

FRANK MARINO & MAHOGANY RUSH Tales Of The Unexpected (CBS)

Great flying gobs of cement! Is Heavy Metal in its death throes - or can our heroes save it? Is there any significance in the fact that both Ted Nugent and Kiss now have pinball machines - and what of the defection of those latter piebald punishers to the vanquishing armies of Disco? Is that a distant death knell I can hear, or merely some feedback gone super nova?

Enter Ted Nugent, teeth bared in an appealing thin-lipped sneer, trusty Gibson at the ready. A modern-day Errol Flynn who only kills what he eats, a vanquisher of scarlet women with curls flying, eyes glee-widened, legs akimbo - *stand back, ye Disco bass lines, I'm a-comin' through!*

Quickly he whips through his new album *State of Shock...Paralysed*, with its swashbuckling guitar, Aerosmith-like choruses with phased vocals; nifty feedback work on *Take It Or Leave It*; a classic US-boogie-band-ballad-with-heartfelt-vocals *Alone* and more and more and more swashbuckling guitar, Aerosmith-like choruses and phased vocals!

And while they're crawling towards the stereo with fingers quivering at the volume control, Nugent rams Side Two at 'em! A George Harrisong *I Want To Tell You* in a Beatles-like tension/release of tension medium-paced format, but lo! Ted's solo trips over some unexpected good taste and falls flat on its face! Unfazed, the Nuge whips into something that sounds like a dressing room practise riff (*Satisfied*) and follows it up with more bompa-bompa flat-out guitar slaughter covered with more dumb relationship lyrics, every stanza of which drips with dead brain cells - *Bite Down Hard, Snake Charmer* and *Saddle Sore! "Put that on your flashing dancefloor and bump to it"*, he screams from the top of a mile of tweeters!

Aha, whispers the rock critic referee, wiping splattered blood from her visage, *not bad, Nugent - I doubt if those who got the cream From 'Cat Scratch Fever' will get indigestion from this. But your rhythm section is pedestrian, your songwriting full of recycled riffs. Your production is a bit muddy, son. Sure, you recreate a World War III onstage, but you lose something in the translation to vinyl.*

Enter Frank Marino and Mahogany Rush, brandishing their new album *Tales Of The Unexpected*. Canadian heavy metal trio often confused with fellow Canadian HM trio Rush (last seen committing indecent HM acts from under a pall of incineration on *Countdown*).

Some time back Marino awoke convinced he, and not Robin Trower, was the true reincarnation of Jimi Hendrix, whose Australian tour is not expected for some time.

But back to the battle: Side one riffs off with *Sister Change*, and a more in-depth production than Nugent's is immediately evident - red-hot guitar strings sizzle as the rhythm section heave bits of pig-iron about. The critic is scribbling: *a world of difference has been enforced upon this species with the discovery in recent years of the overdub...*

But oh no! Here comes *All Along The Watchtower* (*...merely subtracts from Hendrix's psychedelic classic version of Bob Dylan's most covered song...*) and *Norwegian Wood* (*...Again, merely subtracts from The Beatles' original version - don't these dopes have any imagination?*).

Frantic, the trio slide into *Tales Of The Unexpected*, a nice, relaxing piece with ringing guitar chords in early psychedelic blues Fleetwood Mac style. But from there, the number becomes a fast-paced Hendrixy piece with echoing, spacy guitar, finally degenerating - Ye Gods! - into lightweight *jazz*!

This sort of stuff will hardly save us from the androids - quick, flip the disc! *Down Down Down, Door of Illusion, Woman* and *Bottom Of The Barrel* - and all *live*! Bet you haven't heard this much wah-wah pedal in 10 years, and the bass jumps like an electrocuted frog!

The critic is sweating nervously as a new Giorgio Moroder album pants to be let out of its box behind her.

Not bad, she coughs, *could be killer-diller in fact, although I think you've put better stuff out before. But Frank, Frank - how can I honestly advise people that they would not be better off buying Jimi Hendrix's first two albums, 'Are You Experienced' and 'Axis: Bold As Love', or better still maybe, the recent reissue of 'Cry Of Love', now freely available in the shops? My heart bleeds, but I cannot! If Heavy Metal is to survive, it must try harder!*

Jenny Hunter-Brown

TOM VERLAINE (Elektra)

The gangly, intense man photographed on the album cover is America's candidate for the musical aesthete of the 70s. He was the lead singer, guitarist and mainman of Television, a New York based band which injected brain in the brawn-filled New Wave movement of the mid-70s. They broke up last year.

The guitar is more melodic than on Television albums, full of soaring, lyrical beauty. The guitar, voice and piano all share a fragile, bell-like quality enhanced with just the hint of an echo.

The lyrics fit together with poetic simplicity pulling together fragmented images which hang, rather than sit comfortably together.

The album begins on a beautiful, weaving guitar line leading into *The Grip Of Love* - *'It's like a rattlesnake/just like the Milky Way/must be the grip of love.'* Verlaine paints a world pressured by emotional, invisible forces and uses basic, earthy images as their illustration.

The music moves into *Souvenir Of A Dream*, a song about highways and losing one's way. Track three, *Kingdom Come*, is one of the best songs Verlaine has ever written. It begins with a trudging beat and softly melodic guitar work. Verlaine's tenuous voice is linked effectively with a rumbling, ominous male chorus. It's a prisoner's song with an autobiographical ring to it. Verlaine uses the heat of the sun as his oppressor.

'I'm just a slave of the burning rays, please give me the rain.' Rain is the release, an analogy Verlaine uses in several tracks. He equates hot with fever, cold with calm.

Side two begins strongly with excellent drumming by Jay Dee Dougherty and circular guitar riffs from Verlaine in *Flash Lightning*. This is Verlaine at his most lyrically pompous, resurrecting symbolist images from their musty, theological past and coupling them with fresh, original music.

'Seven seas come up/the arrows fly/the fools get wise/You're the keeper of the flame/your royal highness I'm at your call/Shall I rise or shall I fall.'

Red Leaves is a masterpiece of simplicity. It's an ode to autumn with the charm of a *haiku*. The guitar echoes the whirlwind of leaves in the wind and the voice of a female singer called Deerfrance rings with sweet, oriental simplicity.

Last Night is a classically styled piece featuring piano by Bruce Brody and 12-string by Marc Abel. Its serenity directly contrasts the oppressive feel of *Kingdom Come*, and it's full of cool night images.

This is a record that works in subtle ways. It doesn't grab or demand, it's not hooksome or jolly, but grows slowly - a delicate, nuance-filled album. It could be pretentious if it weren't so well done.

Miranda Brown

SANTANA Marathon (CBS)

'Get yourself together/Take the time to plan ahead/Cause tomorrow's looking at you/So you better get it straight' - a pearl of wisdom from *Stand Up* on the new *Marathon* album.

Maybe Carlos Santana has got straight. The track in question sounds like an early reject from the Guess Who or Chicago. God knows, one doesn't want to trap any musician in his past, and this album is certainly *different* from the glorious Latin-tinged masterpieces of Santana's past; it's also mediocre. A few token guitar raves, a couple of wafting lightweight instrumentals that make one weep for *Caravanserai*, disco and pedestrian rock percussion, a thin ghost of the departed Greg Rollie's trademark super-Leslied organ from Alan Pasqua...if this is tomorrow looking at me, I'd rather listen to yesterday.

Santana's never had lyrics that would leap off the page shouting 'poetry', but up till about *Barboletta* the music was sufficiently inspired to carry the words nobly. Here we have a couple of Carlos' standard white-suit mysticisms and a plethora of 'All I Want To Do Is Be With You' lovesongs with not one original or striking image of phrase.

Maybe it's time to hand the baton to someone a little more interesting.

Greg Taylor

BILL NELSON'S RED NOISE Sound On Sound (Harvest)

With cute sci-fi combo Bebop Deluxe disbanded for keeps, Bill Nelson (who *was* Bebop Deluxe in all but name) has set himself up as the Jules Verne of punk's lamented ghost. At least, *that* is the initial impression.

Like David Bowie's *Diamond Dogs, Sound On Sound* explores a post-disaster earth and speaks of those who inhabit it, but while Bowie's was a harrowing essay of a world ravaged by nuclear fallout, Nelson chooses to examine an alternate future-world.

Of course it's just as grim. In his future-world the destruction is internal rather than lying in the streets...and it is run not by mutants but by humans, lobotomised and robotised. Like the diamond dogs, Nelson's victims wear their cataclysm proudly upon their lapels...just as "ripped up" and just as "paralysed".

While he has made no attempt to frighten with impact, he has achieved same with grand slices of twisted humour, compacted between massive walls of drums and regiments of stormtrooper guitars...the components meld together to form a virtual army of sound, proving the title means what it says.

There are four trax which best illustrate the uniform chaos: the neurosurgeons and engineers are the heroes - a single incision and one is ready to take his place in an assembly line. *Stop/Go/Stop* tells how it is done - without pain or blood, but with a vicious sense of purpose. *The Atom Age* and *Art/Empire/Industry* vividly depict the scheme and the impossibility of escaping its clutches, the latter in the form of a series of slogans tailor-made for the masses to recite joyfully as they build an empire on top of themselves..."history is heresy" and "passion is a crime' so there can be nothing but the inevitable *Revolt Into Style*.

The lovers of tomorrow don't get things easy either: *Substitute Flesh* and *Don't Touch Me (I'm Electric)* hammer home the uselessness of revolution through sex. Still, there's always songs to sing, like *For Young Moderns, Furniture Music* plus more, perfect anthems for the androids of tomorrow.

The music on the album is equally dynamic: strident, tense, almost like clockwork. Where axe heroics once dominated, now only essentials remain; the delicately-crafted, spacious lead breaks of the past have been superseded by punky pop rhythms layered with juggernaut lead runs. The rhythm section is sharply defined against a backdrop of breathless keyboard lining. Each instrument is clearly heard - as in the very best of Phil Spector's product. Sound builds on sound until it cannot be ignored, like a steamroller in the loungeroom. Sort of like Ted Nugent with style, maybe. Red Noise is the sound of the future coming at you *now*. Have you got *your* slice of the apocalypse yet, hmmm?

Greg Sanewski

SINGLES

Ray Arnott - Need Your Love/Boogie On. (Alberts)

Former drummer for various Mike Rudd bands proves a beatman's voice *can* be used for something else than shouting time signatures. *Need Your Love* starts with the Eric Burdon re-vamped riff of the Stones' *Paint It Black* and Ray comes in sounding not unlike Eric himself. Great slabs of growling passionate syllabants. A marvellous debut.

Dragon - Counting Sheep/Now That Daddy's Home (CBS)

At last, a new single from the new Dragon that *doesn't* sound like the old Dragon. Keyboards and sax on A-side are neat but the vocals are lacklustre. *Daddy's Home* sung by Todd Hunter is a more dramatic piece by far, a wopping heavy bass riff, roaring guitar and a strange tale of a psychopathic father.

Tiny Tim - Tip Toe To The Gas Pumps/The Hicky (Epic)

Don't know what happened to his Oz-made version of *Stayin' Alive* but this is more wonderfully wry. The riff is from *Free The People* and the song (natch) is about the petrol crisis. "I've got more oil in my hair than you've got in your pumps" cackles Tiny. Falsetto plus social relevance!

Sex Pistols - C'Mon Everybody/God Save The Queen Symphony/Watcha Gonna Do About It (Wizard)

More drek from the bottom of the barrel. Sid Vicious sings *C'Mon* with total absence of feel. The Symphony proves you can't orchestrate a non-melody. *Watcha Gonna Do* with J. Rotten, shitty sound

rehearsal quality and all, is the only thing worth listening to right through.

PIL - Death Disco/And The No Birds Do Sing (Wizard)
J. Rotten (or Lydon) is the Van Morrison for the generation that never heard of Van Morrison. PIL music is hypnotic, high, keening wail of vocal sounds and piercing instrumentation. Not pretty but compelling. Listen for the snatches of orchestral themes from *Swan Lake* in *Death Disco*.

The Sports - OK UK (Mushroom)
12" maxi-single with four trax produced in the UK by Stiff boss Dave Robinson. A rougher, sweatier sound then Pete Solley's *Don't Throw Stones* LP gloss. Steve Cummings is the one vocalist in Australia who really sounds as if he's straining on every last gasp of each word. The apt description is *effort*. And here it comes with such perspiration you feel like wiping the record between plays. Pick of the trax is the re-vamp of The Easybeats *Wedding Ring*, with the re-record of *Live Work And Play* lathering a close second. Which doesn't mean Martin Armiger's guitar blitzeroo on *Radio Show* shouldn't be treated with caution, or it'll run right over ya.

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

Lipstick Killers - Hindu Gods (Of Love)/Shakedown U.S.A.
A distorteroo guitar intro that sounds vaguely like something Keef arranged for the original Rolling Stones, plus sinewy guitar and Popesque vocals. Skitters on the edge of insensibility and just reaches the other side. *Shakedown* is more like it - straight ahead power, verve, speed plus a guitar solo reminiscent of producer Deniz Tek's days with Radio Birdman. (*Lost In Space Records. 168-174 Day St. Sydney 2000*).

The Thoughtcriminals - Food For Thoughtcrimes
A band of intelligence, insight and political purity who really should learn how to operate a studio, 'cos the five tracks here sound just dire, featuring tru-punk scratching guitars, shoebox drums and mudpattie bass. Somewhere over the top there's a singer. Surprisingly enough the whole thing is said to have been recorded in several studios. Plus points - great cover art and a lyric sheet that neatly sets out the words so totally obscured on the record. (*Doublethink Records*).

The Works - (You're Just A) Button On A Shirt/Don't Blame Me
Bright sound, tight arrangement, infectious energy. A solid debut definitely worth dancing to. More atmospheric though is the dirgey b-side with echoey rattling guitar and a calmly measured vocal sneer. (*Piranha Bros. P.O. Box 99, Chippendale 2008*).

Paradox - I Don't Care/Nowhere
A working band from Western Suburbs who've got their licks together but sound a bit confined and studio cautious. *Nowhere* has a vocal sound reminiscent of a lighter voiced Marc Hunter. *I Don't Care* has energy that could be described as driving, if they'd get their foot off the brake. (*Unpopular Records, PO Bo 451, Doonside NSW 2767*)

The Go-Betweens - People Say/Don't Let Him Come Back
Strong, sparse sound but a little too controlled for total conviction. Overall effect not helped by out of time lonely tamorine on *Don't Let Him Back*. (*Able Label, 19 Golding St. Toowong, Brisbane*).

STILL HOMELESS ED
Anthony O'Grady

Holiday Taken
Annie Burton

Soyabean Pay, Steak Tastes
Miranda Brown
Greg Taylor

The Deadline Kid
Andrew McMillan

Freelance Regulars
Jenny Hunter-Brown
David Withers
Stuart Coupe
Bill Holdsworth
Harry Kolotas
Peter Paul Bakowski
Rick Southam

Click!
Bob King
Philip Morris
Gary Merrin
Kathleen O'Brien

Midnight to Dawn
Gary Fletcher

Advertising Sales Director
Barry Stewart

Ad Manager
Andrew Savage

SA & Vic Advertising
Derrick Lewis & Assoc
(03) 267.5266

Qld Advertising
Iain Duguid
Media Resources
(07) 299.4166

Publisher
Philip Mason

ROCK AUSTRALIA MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 746
DARLINGHURST NSW 2010
Telephone (02) 31.8006

CLASSIFIEDS

BASILISK RECORDING STUDIOS. The complete multi-track recording facility. M.C.I. recorders, Soundcraft parametric mixing consoles, a wide range of Neumann, Shure and Sennheisser microphones, and the Marshall Time Modulator special effects generator. We offer you a fully professional production and mastering service. 24 hrs a day, 7 days a week. Ring us now on (02) 570.6691.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CONTEMPORARY GUITAR COURSE. This is the most up to date guitar and bass tuition program available in NSW. I have taught players in such bands as Kevin Borich Express, Leon Berger, Jeff St John and others, and have 17 years of performing experience. Some of the subjects covered are Rock, Jazz, Funk, New Wave, Improvisation, Counterpoint, plus all Plectrum Guitar Techniques. For more information call (02) 371.0794.

REHEARSAL STUDIOS now available. Great cheap rates, inner city location, ground level access, fully airconditioned, easy parking, real, personal service, built from scratch by a muso. Waterloo Rehearsal Studios, Rear 940 Elizabeth Street, Waterloo. 2017 NSW. Phone 698.9416 (24 hours a day).

RECORD AUCTION. Oldies 50's to 70's. Stamp for list please. Kevin Rutschack, Box 978, GPO, Adelaide, S.A. 5001.

HIGH ENERGY R'n'R/pop band doing 70% originals want guitarist, vocal ability appreciated. Own gear essential. Phone 516.1487 after 7pm.

YOUNG original rock'n'roll band requires enthusiastic vocalist with equipment. Sydney based with promise of work. Phil 977.7108.

HOT WACKS. A complete discography of just about ever bootleg record ever made. Over 200 pages. Latest edition (no. 7). $6.00 including postage (add 60 cents extra for airmail). Toad Hall, PO Box 8108, Perth, WA 6000.

PROMOTIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY of you, your group, or event by fulltime freelance. (03) 375.3613. Phone anytime.

RAM is published fortnightly by Soundtracs Publishing Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW. 2010 (Tel 31.8006), typeset and composed by Get Set Typesetting Pty. Ltd., Darlinghurst (Tel 31.8007), printed by Eastern Suburbs Newspapers, Randwick, NSW, and distributed in all States except Tasmania by Gordon & Gotch (A/Asia) Limited, Melbourne. In Tasmania RAM is distributed by Ingle Distributors, 22 Argyle Street, Hobart. All manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted for publication in RAM must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and RAM cannot accept responsibility for loss. All letters submitted become the property of RAM and we reserve the right to edit them at our discretion. Articles reflect the personal opinion of the authors, not necessarily those of the publishers.
Registered for posting as a publication - Category B.
*Recommended and maximum price only.

tours

Alan Japuljari
October
5 Monash Uni, 1-2
9 RMIT, 12-1
10 Footscray SCU, 1-2
12 Swinburne CAE, 8-12
16 RMIT, 1-2
17 Preston Institute, 1-2
18 Frankston SCU, 1-2
22-26 Canberra

Matt Finnish
October
5 Metropole Tavern
6 Capitol Theatre (early)
Rags (late)
8 Civic Hotel
9 Pleasures Winebar
10 NSW Uni (lunch)
12 Eastwood Hotel
13 Sylvania Hotel
15 Civic Hotel
16 Pleasures
17 Macquarie Uni (lunch)
18 Enfield Boulevard Hotel
19 Stagedoor Tavern
20 Family Hotel,

Doug Parkinson
October
9 Windsor Hotel
10 Manzil Room
11 Bexley Nth Hotel
12,13 Muso's Club
16 Chatswood Charles
17 Manzil Room
18 Fairfield RSL
19 Muso's Club

Mi-Sex
October
6 Selinas, Coogee
10 Stockade Hotel
13 Family Hotel
16 Newcastle Uni
18 Fairfield Hotel
19 Stagedoor Tavern

Angels
October
12 Manly Vale Hotel
13 Stagedoor Tavern
14 Penrith Leagues Club

Ward 13
October
5 Bondi Lifesaver
6 Selinas, Coogee
7 Swansea Workers
12 Sylvania Hotel
19 Wentworthville Hotel

The Works
October
5 Wentworthville Hotel
6 Metropole Tavern
13 Family Hotel,
Rydalmere

Fast Buck
October
5 Bullande Community
Hall (early)
Lifesaver (late)
6 Royal Antler
7 Swansea Workers
8 Sefton Park Hotel
9 Strata Inn, Cremorne

Morpheus
October
5 Stockade Hotel
6 Sefton Park Hotel
7 Bondi Lifesaver
10 Bondi Lifesaver
15 Sefton Park Hotel
16 Doyalson Hotel

The Reels
October
5 Bottom Line
6 Hearts
7 Pyntons
12,13,14 Arkaba

Mental As Anything
October
5 Adelaide Festival
Burnside Town Hall
6 Palais Theatre
The Manhattan
8 Sundowner Hotel
9 ANU Canberra
11 Palais Theatre Melb
La Trobe Uni
12 Jet Club
13 Joint Effort
14 Moon Festival
Haymarkets.
Regent Theatre
15 Regent Theatre
17 Newcastle Uni
19 Brighton Hotel

Gillian Eastoe
October
9 Chatswood Charles
10 Fraternity Bowling Club
11 Governors Pleasure
12 Vicar of Wakefield
13 Stardust Hotel
16 Station Hotel

Ayers Rock
5 Stardust Hotel
6 Nth Subs Leagues Club
8 Bexley Nth Hotel
11 Caringbah Inn
15 Mt Pleasant Sports

Broderick Smith's Big Combo
October
15 Bexley Nth Hotel
16 Strata Inn
17 Sydney Uni (arvo)
Civic Hotel (nite)
18 Caringbah Inn
19 Bondi Lifesaver

The Motels
October
5 St Pauls College
6 Bondi Lifesaver
9 Family Hotel
10 Maitland Hotel
11 Sylvania Hotel
12 Newcastle Workers
13 Bondi Lifesaver
16 Family Hotel
17 Maitland Hotel
18 Belmont Sailing Club
19 Rosebud Soccer Club

The Numbers
October
5 St Pauls College
6 Cardiff Soccer Club
9 Civic Hotel
12,13 Maroubra Seals
14 Campbelltown Football
Grounds (arvo)
Maroubra Seals (nite)
16 Civic Hotel
17 Astra Hotel
18 Salamander Hotel
19 Royal Antler

The Hitmen
October
5 St Pauls College
6 Blacktown RSL (early)
Stagedoor Tavern (late)
10 Comb'n'Cutter
11 Caringbah Inn
12 Bayview Tavern
13 Royal Antler
16 Newcastle Uni
18 New England Uni
19 Coogee Bay Hotel

Hello Sailor
October
11 Fairfield Hotel
12 Stagedoor Tavern
13 Cardiff Soccer Club
14 Campbelltown Football
Grounds (arvo)
16 Family Hotel
17 Comb'n'Cutter
19 Royal Antler

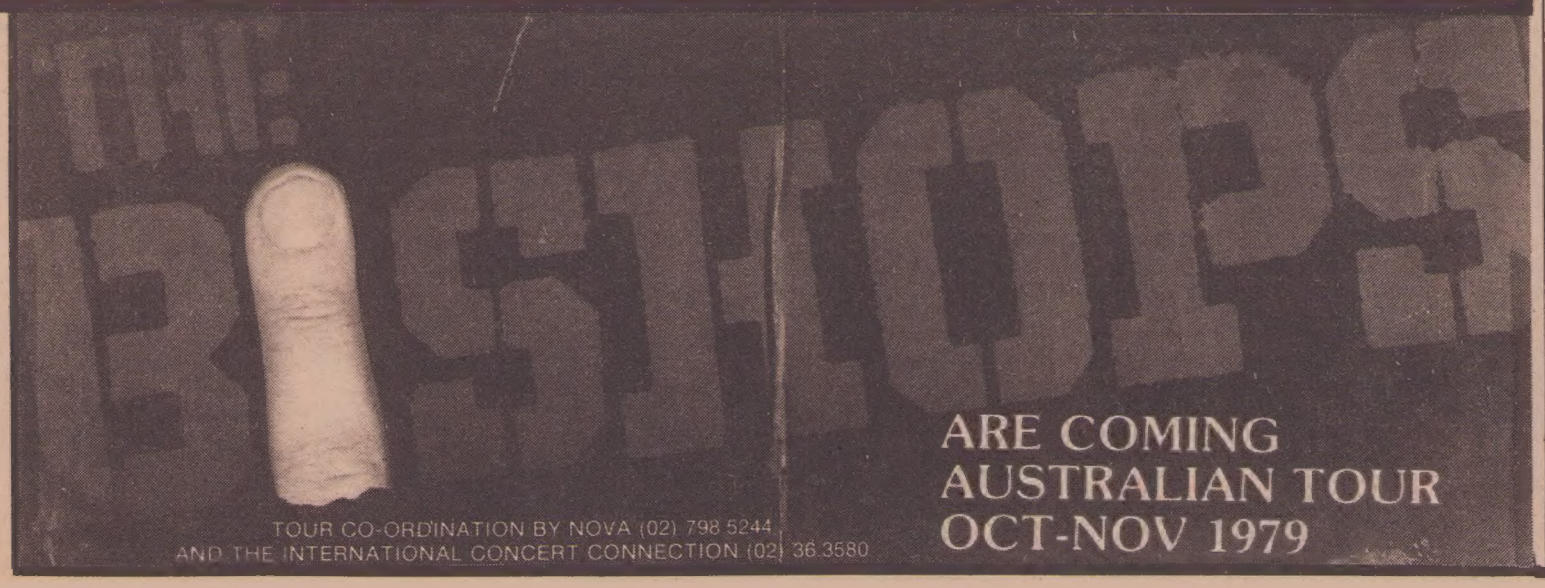
Dragon
October
10 War'n'Peace
13 Sydney Cove Tavern
14 Campbelltown Football
Ground
15 Brisbane

Swanee
October
5 Royal Antler
6 Wollongong 200 Radio
Live To Air (arvo)
Bondi Lifesaver (nite)
11 Bondi Lifesaver
12 Brighton Hotel
13 Selinas
14 Manly Vale
15 Strata Inn

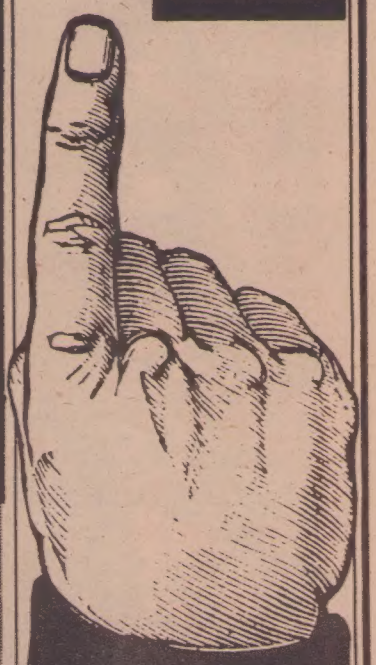
Loaded Dice
October
5 Paddington Town Hall
Selinas (late)
6 Eastwood Hotel
9 Strata Inn
10 The Captain Cook Hotel
11 La Trobe Uni

The Traders
October
5 Governor Bourke
6 Governors Pleasure
10 Strata Inn
12 Governor Bourke
13 Bondi Lifesaver
17 Strata Inn
19 Bondi Lifesaver

The Clones
October
5 Canberra CAE
6 Fairfield Hotel
12 Stockade Hotel
13 Bexley Nth Hotel
18 Selinas
19 Sylvania Hotel



BOMBAY ROCK
AUSTRALIA'S ROCK 'N' ROLL HEADQUARTERS
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT



Student Concessions
Every Night
Wed & Thurs
- drinks at hotel
lounge prices.

BOMBAY ROCK
CNR PHOENIX ST. AND SYDNEY RD.
IN DOWNTOWN BRUNSWICK.

You're never alone with

ROCKPILE

on tour 1979 featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe

October 3 — Concert Hall — Perth
October 5 — Festival Theatre — Adelaide
October 6 — Palais Theatre — Melbourne
October 9 — ANU — Canberra
October 13 — Cloudlands Ballroom — Brisbane
October 14 — Regent Theatre — Sydney

On Record & Cassette
GET IT SS 8418 Cassette M5A 8418
TRACKS ON WAX 4 SS 8505
Cassette M5A 8505
REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY SS 8507
Cassette M5A 8507

JESUS OF COOL RAD 1 Cassette M5D 1
LABOUR OF LUST RAD 21
Cassette M5D 21

SWAN SONG
radar

wea YOUR VERY BEST ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

AVAILABLE ON SWAN SONG AND RADAR RECORDS AND TAPES

Distributed by WEA Records Pty. Limited
A Warner Communications Company